

The Grail

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"I sleep, and my heart watcheth."—Cant. 5:2

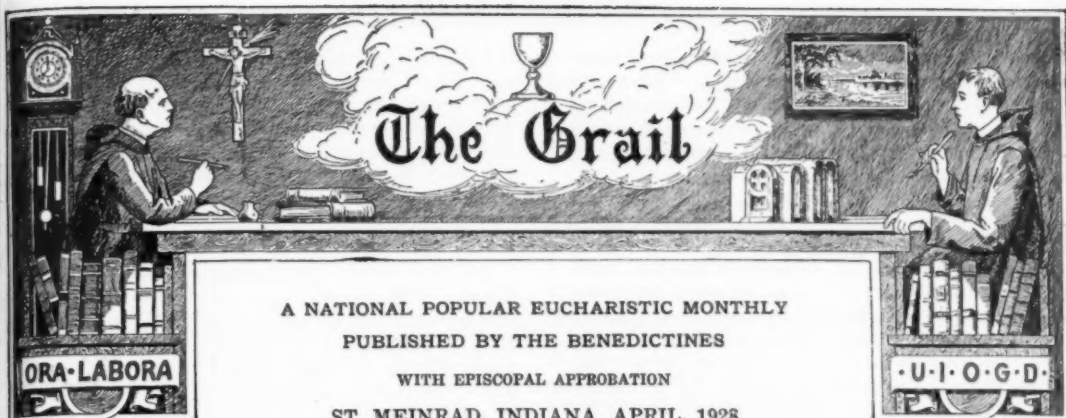
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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Eucharistic Apostolate

To win all men to Christ *through the Holy Eucharist* is the laudable purpose of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The task is enormous, but, with the help of God, not impossible. Approximately two thirds of the human race is non-Christian (unbelievers, pagans, heathens). The remaining third is Christian—Catholic, Schismatic, Protestant. To unite all in one body, to win all to Christ, is the ultimate aim of the International Eucharistic League.

As charity begins at home—and everyone should first set his own house in order before attempting to do so for another—the League will strive to establish peace and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world. Although Catholics of all nations the world over partake of the same peace-bringing sacraments—receive into their hearts the same Prince of Peace, who is not divided, yet there are so many divisions, dislikes, and hatreds among them. We can be sure that the fault lies not with these holy sacraments, nor with the Church, but in the heart of frail man. In the first place, then, we pray for union and harmony in the household of the faith, for there is but one faith, one baptism, one Lord and God of all.

Application Blank for Admission to

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NOTE:—Fill out this blank, enclose a 2¢ stamp for reply, and forward your application to Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., editor of *THE GRAIL*, St. Meinrad, Ind.—Neither dues nor fees are required, yet a small amount for helping to carry on the work will not be refused.

The second great object of the League is to pray and labor for the return of all our separated brethren to unity with us in the true faith. The first Christians formed one great family. Dissensions arose in time and many, even whole nations, withdrew their allegiance. These in turn formed new groups, which have continued to divide and multiply down to the present day. With no bond of unity, except their opposition to the Mother Church, who now beckons them to return to her bosom, they may be aptly likened to drowning men vainly grasping at the straws (of doctrine, some distorted remnants of which they still possess) afloat on the surface to prevent their sinking beneath the tide of a raging sea. Church unity is sought also by non-Catholics, but, blinded as they unfortunately are in spiritual matters, the majority do not see wherein true unity lies. We pray God to open their eyes to the light of divine grace, which, like a beacon light, points out to them the way they should follow. There is but one road, one path, for God is one.

The third object of the League is to make every effort to bring about the conversion of all other men: the Jews, who gave to the world the Messiah for Whom they had long sighed and yearned, but Whom they rejected when He finally came; the Mohammedans, the pagans, the heathens, and all others who know not God, as well as all unbelievers.

The chief means that the League employs to attain its end—which is none other than that for which Christ came upon earth—is the Holy Eucharist, our Emmanuel—God with us, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and in Holy Communion. The secondary means is to promote and spread this movement by active cooperation; by the example of a good Christian life, prayer, self-denial; by speaking a seasonable word at the opportune time, by explaining the articles of faith when occasion demands, by distributing Catholic literature,* and by

* Never destroy a Catholic paper or magazine that has been read, but mail it to some hospital, prison, or other institution for the inmates to read. Here is a remarkable example that is worthy of imitation. For the year ending Dec. 8, 1927, Mr. D. J. Daze, of Los

other good deeds.—It should be borne in mind that the League is not an agency for collecting alms, nor does it demand dues or other fees from those who belong to it. For the purpose of carrying on its work, however, a small alms will not be refused at the time of admission of members.

To win souls for Christ, then, the International Eucharistic League offers a means that is simple yet efficacious. The League imposes no new obligations, adds no new burdens. It is truly an apostolic work, a great mission activity with a *maximum* of purpose and a *minimum* of practice.—If you are not a member, send in your application. Fill out the blank that is inserted for your convenience. Become an active member of the I. E. L.—a promoter—an apostle in the great work of saving souls, of winning all men to Christ.

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

16. Conquest Crowned

"With all the tempters have I fought,
Vanquished the foes without—within;
Now, Lord, to Thee my way I win,
Till by Thy Spirit I be caught.

"I gaze upon Thy crownèd Head,
Which golden circlet should adorn;
Yet 'tis a diadem of thorn,
Making more Precious Blood be shed!

"The moaning wind of Golgotha
Might well attempt to soothe Thy Brow;
No loving hands can reach Thee now
Nor help from Mary nor from Martha.

"This languishing was unto life,—
So to Thy Cross I dare to cling;
Lovingly grant so poor a thing
To bide still steadfast in the strife."

Then from the Cross one piercèd Hand
Was loosened, raised in benison,
And o'er th' entreater circled soon
White hosts of the angelic band.

How to Help Train Catholic Writers

A plan for establishing a Catholic Literary Awards Foundation, to train up Catholic writers and encourage them to write, which was placed before the Catholic Press Association in convention at Savannah last May, was unanimously adopted. This plan, as has been explained in previous issues of THE GRAIL, was to receive

Angeles, had gathered and distributed in the United States and Canada nearly seven tons (13,525 pounds) of Catholic literature: papers, magazines, booklets, and pamphlets. That is sowing the good seed—broadcasting the word of God—exercising a real apostolate.

five hundred life members in the C. P. A. at one hundred dollars each. From the interest of this sum handsome prizes will be offered each year to tempt Catholic writers to patronize the Catholic press. While the Foundation is still far from being complete, it will begin to function in this year of 1928 with a list of awards totalling five hundred dollars.

HOW CAN I HELP?

Here are three ways suggested in which life memberships may be taken out: (1) By paying the full amount at once and taking out a life membership in one's own name, or by taking out a membership in memory of a deceased relative or friend; (2) by paying on the instalment plan; (3) by contributing whatever one can towards the "Little Flower Memorial Membership." See the blank that is given below on this page.

THE INSTALMENT PLAN

Some would like to help this good work along, but feel unable to spare the whole amount in a lump. There is a way open to them in the instalment plan. Possibly they can lay aside ten dollars each month. If they send in ten dollars at a time, the gift will soon be complete.

MEMORIAL MEMBERSHIP

Others might not like to have their names made public in connection with a life membership, whether the amount be given outright or on the instalment plan. If through humility they prefer to conceal their identity, they may take out a memorial membership in memory of some dear relative or friend.

COLLECTIVE MEMBERSHIP

Chipping in and forming a membership by small contributions is another possibility that we offer. This is for such as are unable to take out a membership but would like to help establish one by means of small offerings. They might be able to contribute five or ten dollars—or more, or less. Send in whatever amount you are able so that from the combined amounts received we may establish

The Little Flower Memorial

Name

Address—City

Street

State Amount given

Send by draft (check, or money order) whatever amount you wish to give towards "The Little Flower Memorial Membership." Address your letter to Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., editor of THE GRAIL.—The Catholic Press Association holds its next convention on May 24, 25, 26 in New York. Won't you let us have your contributions before that time so that we can make a creditable showing?

The Tragedy of the Cross

The April issue of THE GRAIL, the final number of volume nine, goes to press as we enter Passiontide, the most memorable season of all the year. The forty days of Lent are kept not merely to remind us of the forty-days' fast of Our Divine Savior and to keep before us the memory of the slaying of the Lamb of God on the Altar of the Cross in atonement of our sins, but also that we may make ourselves worthy, in as far as human weakness will permit, to have a share in His sacrifice in our behalf.

Beginning with the fifth Sunday of Lent, which is Passion Sunday, the Church enters more and more deeply into the Passion of the Redeemer of mankind. The crucifixes, pictures, statues in the church are shrouded in violet as a token of penance for our sins and of mourning over the terrible sufferings endured by the Son of God to appease His Heavenly Father for the sins of ungrateful man.

Palm Sunday opens Holy Week, which brings us even to the heights of Calvary, where we behold the death of the Savior amid excruciating torment for our sakes, that we may have life eternal. This most terrible of deaths is indeed a frightful tragedy—a tragedy only such as Divine Love could devise—a tragedy, nevertheless, that was enacted in all its horrible reality that sinful man might have spiritual life and have it abundantly. And yet, in spite of our loving Savior's bitter Passion and Death for us, we live on unconcerned in our sins and in our habits of sin. May God bring us to a better state of mind.

As tragedy, when enacted on the stage, usually has a happy turn, so in the case of the tragedy of the cross there is a glorious triumph of the Persecuted over His persecutors—Jesus, the Lamb of God, slain as a Victim for sin, arose in splendor and glory from the silent tomb to die no more. O death, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting! May it please God to grant us victory over sin and eternal death, its consequence, and a glorious resurrection on the last day.—Happy Easter!

A Wise Old Mother

The wisdom of Mother Church, says the *Catholic Mirror*, in developing a system of religious education, which takes the Catholic pupil from the kindergarten through the university, is being vindicated by every report of the spread of agnosticism, even in universities which owe their existence to religion. The Catholic faith has little chance to survive in a classroom where agnostic students occupy half the benches and agnostic professors, more than half the rostra.

College questionnaires are shedding a somewhat lurid light on the effect which a college education has on religious belief. The Illinois High School was certainly preparing for entrance into the modern non-sectarian college when it found that only 3% of its 495 students knew the name of the Mother of Jesus. The *Princetonian*, a student publication at the University once presided over by Woodrow Wilson, admits that 145

students have given up their belief in God since entering Princeton. Less than 40% of the students at the Ohio State University profess religion of any kind, and the same is true of the Northwestern University.

College graduates are always hailed as our future leaders, and here are the majority prepared to lead on to agnosticism and atheism. Yet, in the face of these appalling figures, the president of Princeton undertakes to prove, in his baccalaureate address, that "religion is a bulwark for the spirit against the materialism of modern life." No religion at Princeton has been much of a bulwark for the 145 who have lost their faith in God.

With respect to religion, however, there is a marked contrast between the secular university and Catholic institutions of the same rank. Take, for instance, the University of Notre Dame, which happens to be in Indiana, (a state, by the way, that in late years has gained an unenviable reputation from the fact that it has been literally hoodwinked into notoriety and on that account has become a byword and a term of reproach among its more respectable neighbors). It must be gratifying, especially to Catholic parents, who have committed their sons to Notre Dame, to have the assurance that the University, besides imparting knowledge, also inculcates virtue and fosters the frequentation of the sacraments. We have sufficient evidence of this in the fact that during the past school year there were 1,150 daily communicants at the University. In the fall term of the present school year the average rose to 1,253 each day. As the Holy Eucharist is the antidote for sin, the frequent reception of this powerful remedy by university students ought to raise up among our future leaders a mighty bulwark for God and country. The frequent papers that are contributed to THE GRAIL by Mr. Burton Confrey are further evidence of the cultivation of the religious element at the great university. The glamour of fame, or wealth, or prestige derived thereby, should not deceive parents into sending their sons to the secular university, for the precious inheritance of religion is at stake—souls are imperiled.

The Church shows herself a wise old mother in that she obliges her children to attend the Catholic school whenever circumstances permit. She has centuries of experience to back her up in the contention that the influence of the secular school is, in the majority of cases at least, harmful to the spiritual well-being of the young. That there are exceptional cases only goes to prove the rule. She has seen multitudes of young men and young women, products of the secular school, stranded on the shores of unbelief or shipwrecked in faith—and their posterity with them. Innumerable guilty parents will one day have to answer for the loss of faith they occasioned by sending their sons and their daughters to the secular high school, college, and university without necessity and only because they hoped thereby to obtain for them some particular advantage from a worldly standpoint. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and thereby lose his own soul?" is as true to day as it was of old.

Father, Forgive Them

Communion of Some Jews—Conversion

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

FATHER Gilbert was refiling his notes and clippings. His assistant, Fr. Remigius, volunteered to help him. Suddenly the former paused and exclaimed: "Strange coincidence! Here are several notes of different dates that evidently belong together."

"Let's see," begged the assistant. "This first speaks of a sermon delivered in Vienna by a Benedictine of Emaus, Father Galen. He narrates how on Easter Sunday the Holy Father forgets all the cares of the year and allows the echoes of alleluja to sink deep into his heart; how in the Sistine chapel he gathers his faithful children who come as representatives of the whole world; how he celebrates with them this feast of joy by personally placing on each tongue and in each heart the Lord Himself."

"But, see, what's this? Why he alludes to a sacrilege, to sacrilegious Communions on Easter Sunday. Some Jews obtained access to this service of the Holy Father. They mingled among the faithful as though they belonged to the children of the house and received out of the Holy Father's hand the pledge of Love, the Body of the Lord. Thus they abused in a most shameful manner the confidence the Holy Father had placed in them. This explains the vehement tone of the protest of the preacher: 'We protest against this act on the part of the Jews approaching the most sublime Mysteries of Christianity and outraging them in a most disgraceful manner! We protest against this injury done to the Holy Father in his own house, in the circle of his children on Easter Sunday itself! We protest against such an insult hurled in the face of the Almighty!'"

"Yes, truly sad is the tenor of such a note," commented Father Gilbert. "But look at this one. One of those Jews is supposed to have become a convert."

"You must be mistaken, Father," corrected the assistant. "See, your convert was in Rome in 1914 and Father Galen's sermon was preached in 1908."

"I overlooked the date," apologized Father Gilbert. "Hence there must have been a second Communion received under similar circumstances."

"Why, yes," rejoined the assistant, "this clipping from the now defunct 'Amerika,' of Nov. 30, 1923, gives the testimony of an eyewitness. On one occasion the saintly Pope Pius X said Mass in the presence of a delegation consisting

mostly of Hungarians. One of the communicants had received when a commotion took place. One of the recipients had been recognized as a Jew. He, too, had approached the Holy Father and received the Holy Eucharist from the Pontiff's hand. The Pope asked for the meaning of the disturbance. His grief at the abuse was plain from the tears that welled forth from his eyes. Others, too, were shocked by the incident. Whilst some of the papers tried to gloss the matter over by maintaining that the Jew was well disposed towards the Church and had acted out of ignorance, the writer of the note says that he regarded the case as one of sacrilege pure and simple. He thought that some day the man would have to give an account at the tribunal of God. He adds that now nine years later a religious paper fell into his hands in which a Hungarian Jesuit gives the further developments of the case. According to the latter, grace kept on working in the Jew's soul ever since his reception of Holy Communion and he died as a member of the true Church."

"Look," interrupted Father Gilbert, glad at having his riddle solved, "here is the religious paper to which the correspondent of 'Amerika' makes reference. It is the 'Eucharistischer Voelkerbund' of Vienna in Austria which gives the whole account."

"Read it, Father," urged the assistant. "Let us see whether the facts agree."

"I am sure, they do," confirmed the pastor. "After the man's Communion he seemed more drawn towards the Catholic faith. He began to read and study Catholic books. But peculiar circumstances—and not the least was the influence exerted on him by his wife who clung to Judaism with her whole heart—delayed his complete conversion till 1920."

"That's it," assured the assistant whilst he kept on filing the other clippings."

"Then," continued the pastor, after reading a few more lines, "he became ill and the case was diagnosed as cancer of the liver. An operation was necessary, which disclosed the fact that the poor man had probably only six or eight more hours to live. On awakening from the anesthetic, he was apprised of the critical nature of his ailment. He himself, however, consoled his weeping spouse, telling her that during a dream the suffering Savior had revealed to him that he would die as a Christian

and be united with Him in Heaven. The patient rallied and his wife was able to leave after two days."

The assistant from time to time nodded his head to indicate that the two reports were in accord.

"The wife," Father Gilbert proceeded, "having returned home, waited for days without obtaining news of her husband's condition. In her anxiety she prayed to 'Yahweh' (Jehovah—God) for some sign to know whether or not her cherished consort was still among the living. She, too, had a dream. She saw her dear one laid out as a corpse. His blanched hands were folded as Christians are wont to place them and clasped a crucifix between the fingers. At that very instant she awoke and what a shock she experienced! Her husband was to die—such was her own interpretation—and what was worse as a Christian. Still no message was in sight. However, the next day was the harbinger of the good report that her husband was now allowed to return home."

"But, Father Gilbert," the assistant broke in after stopping and listening for a while, "nothing of that is mentioned in this my clipping here."

"That doesn't prove anything," the pastor said quite calmly. "The main facts agree. These latter circumstances only go to show that I have before me a more complete account of the case. But to take up the thread once more. The sick man, on his arrival at home, insisted on the completion of his Catholic instruction. His wife finally dropped her objections. The priest was summoned, the instruction progressed nicely, and the day for baptism was set. Happy indeed was the patient and he proved himself grateful to God for this inestimable grace. On the following Sunday the man was to receive his first Holy Communion as a Christian."

"There we are again," said the assistant, "the clipping agrees once more with your account. But it states that he never received Communion."

"Exactly," subjoined Father Gilbert. "He passed away suddenly before the priest could be summoned. Let the Jesuit Father himself describe the incident: 'On the day following the baptism I called by telephone to inquire as to the state of my convert. After I got my call all was silent for a moment and then loud sobbing and weeping were audible. Finally the voice of the wife broke in "Gyula has just now died. Come instantly. Frances (her friend) and I are ready for baptism." I hastened to the bedside of the dead man and found the women to be baptized in the presence of the corpse.'"

"Truly the ways of God are marvellous!"

moralized the assistant. "The writer here in this clipping is a little severe."

"How so?"

"Oh, he says: 'God denied the Jew the grace of Communion, possibly because he approached on the first occasion in an unjustifiable manner.'"

"Yes, the case does seem similar to that of Moses who viewed the Promised Land only from afar. So also this man as a Catholic enjoyed only the spiritual Communion. What a lesson for all Catholics never to become guilty of a sacrilegious Communion. This Jew certainly did not realize the full extent of his approach to the Communion railing in the Sistine Chapel. Without doubt the Savior's words on the cross applied to him: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Yet, in spite of all that, he was not favored with Holy Viaticum. Have not some Christians reason to fear that they by their present attitude towards the Holy Eucharist will force Christ to refuse to be their Viaticum at their death?"

"Father, your thought makes me shudder," moaned the assistant. "But what of the baptism of the two Jewesses? Did it really take place?"

"Thanks to God, it did. When the wife of the
(Continued on page 541)



PIUS X POPE OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Liturgical Life

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

WHY is it that we speak so much of the weather? Simply because it influences our lives so much. It helps much towards a cheerful, gloomy or indifferent outlook; it affects our health; it hinders or helps our plans.

In a spiritual—yes, even in a material—sense, the liturgy of the Church likewise enters into the life of a Benedictine day by day; for it is intimately woven into his day's activities. Into the life of every practical Catholic, too, the liturgy enters with its influence to a greater or less degree. Even the world at large does not escape the spirit of season and feast.

At no time perhaps do we see this influence exercised more effectually than at the season with which April begins this year—Holy Week and Easter. Certainly at no other time does the liturgy affect us so much with its dramatic power as it does in this great week. For the liturgy is truly drama: it affects all our senses, particularly sight and hearing. Add to this the grace given to those who piously assist at the functions, and we can realize what must be its effect in our hearts.

Throughout Lent the sombre veil of sorrow has been over us—a sorrow that is born of sin and of sympathy with Him who must suffer for us, must be made to feel all the consequences of our sins. During these weeks our loving sorrow has intensified, it has set us in the proper mood for the celebration of Holy Week.

Palm Sunday. To-day we assist at the blessing of the palms, receive a branch with devout faith in the Church's sacramentals, and, carrying this palm, take part in the procession. And as we sing Hosanna to our King, we resolve that our hearts shall remain more constant than those of the Jews who to-day sang Hosanna in one breath and in the next were to cry out in fury: "Away with Him; crucify Him!"

To-day also, as well as on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, the Passion is sung by three priests: one carrying on the narrative; another, the words of Christ; the third, those of the multitude and other characters. The narrative is sober and plaintive; Christ's words are in tone deep and solemn; the other, shrill and menacing. The effect of it all can be none other than something of the effect produced in us had we witnessed the Passion in its dread reality. Hence, as we kneel at the Savior's death, we kneel in the grief and contrition of love. We live again that moment when He died a Victim for sin.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights

we gather for the impressive Tenebrae service. This is the chanting of Matins and Lauds for the following day, with ceremonies, text, and song suited both to the spirit of the time and to the day's own celebration. Thus much of the text for Thursday has to do with the institution of the Holy Eucharist; of Friday, the death of Christ; of Saturday, His sleep in the tomb and His expectation of resurrection.

At this service the anguish of Christ's Bride, the Church, is given poignant expression in the singing of the lamentations of Jeremias the prophet. Whether rendered in the simple, grief-laden plain chant, or in the polyphonic harmonies of Palestrina, they linger long with one—linger as an exquisite and tender bewailing of Him who was slain cruelly because we have sinned.

Each night the service comes to a climactic close with the extinguishing of all the lights—Tenebrae, Darkness—Christ's death, the chanting in this darkness of the *Miserere*, the noise—the earthquake, and the replacing of the hidden, unextinguished candle on the candlestick—His resurrection.

Thursday morning we gather with the celebrant—as the Apostles did with Christ—about the table of the altar, for the miracle of the changing of bread and wine into His Body and Blood. The Solemn Mass begins in joy, the Gloria is even sung,—then the hush of to-morrow's tragedy immediately falls upon us. At Communion all come forward to obey the command "Take ye and eat"; we receive Him as did the Apostles; devotion and love fills our hearts anew and finds fit expression in the procession to the repository and in the adoration we shall offer to Him throughout the day and night.

After the procession all return to the sanctuary where Vespers are chanted. Then is enacted another scene from the Last Supper, the washing of the feet. First, that portion of the Gospel describing the event is sung; then the celebrant, in the person of Christ, washes and kisses the feet of a selected number, while the choir sings a responsory that bids us learn anew the lesson of humility and love thus taught us by our Master.

On Good Friday we actually mourn with the Church at the death of her Head. He dies, and all life is gone, the light of joy is extinguished, all beauty and color are taken away, there is a sense of true emptiness in the atmosphere, there is everywhere the hush of mourning. The altar—Christ—has been stripped of everything,

—all is bare and silent as the priest and ministers, clad in black, approach the altar and prostrate on the floor in silent prayer. After two lessons are read; the one prophetic of Christ's Passion directly; the other, detailing the rite of the slaying and the eating of the paschal lamb, typical, the Passion according to St. John is sung. What a setting to throw us into the very mood and sentiments of to-day! Then the Church, filled with that divine, boundless charity which our dying Savior showed while hanging on the cross, raises her voice in humble prayer for all—her rulers, her ministers, the world, heretics, Jews, and pagans.

The image of the Crucified, veiled since Passion Sunday, is now taken by the celebrant, is solemnly uncovered, and exposed to the adoration (*) of all. We bare out feet, bow our heads, adore (*) and kiss the sacred wood on which hung the Salvation of the world. And as we adore, there come to our ears the words of God in those touching *Improperia*, (†) wherein, to our shame, are contrasted the benefits of God and our sins and ingratitude.

The unbloody sacrifice of Holy Mass is not offered on Good Friday—an omission that impresses us with the reality of the bloody sacrifice made to-day on Calvary. The so-called Mass of the Presanctified takes its place. Thus, after the Sacred Host has been brought in procession from the repository, it is placed on the altar, is incensed, the *Pater Noster* is sung, the Host is elevated, adored, then received by the celebrant. And after Vespers are chanted, all retire in silence. God's house, like our souls, is this day bleak, mournful, silent. Over all is written the reality of that tragedy of Calvary.

The service of Holy Saturday, which we hold in the morning, was in the first ages celebrated the evening or night before Easter. Mention is often made in the text of this "night." Hence it is really the resurrection service. The general impression it leaves with us is that, since we have died in Christ to sin, we rise to a new life. Everything is purged, clean, fresh, new. Like the season of spring without, in which nature rises to a new life, so Christ rises to a new life of glory and we rise to the new life of grace.

The service is ushered in by the celebrant and ministers proceeding to the door of the church

(*) *Adoratio crucis*, or the adoration of the cross, is the liturgical expression for the veneration or homage that is paid to the crucifix on Good Friday. The word *adore* is here understood in the same sense.

(†) The *Improperia* or *Reproaches* are the versicle and responses that the choir sings whilst the faithful, out of loving gratitude to the Savior for His death upon the cross in their behalf, are performing their act of reverence to the crucifix, the symbol that keeps us ever in mind of His undying love for us.—EDITOR.

where the new fire is blessed. From this new fire a torch is lighted and from this torch a triple candle is lighted as the procession passes through the church. At each lighting the deacon sings *Lumen Christi—Light of Christ*, at which all genuflect.

Arriving in the sanctuary, he proceeds to bless the paschal candle with that canticle of exuberant joy, the *Exultet*. Indescribable is the thrill one feels as one hears this gracious invitation to rejoice that sin and death have been conquered, that the victory has been gained. "This is the feast of the Pasch; This is the night on which Christ rose and which He changed into day; O truly blessed night; O happy fault that merited to have such a Redeemer"—and our hearts expand to the gladness of it all as we hear these words and see the candle lighted—the Light of the world again in our midst.

Truly now all is done, our redemption has been consummated. How natural then that we should review the wonders of God's mercy in prophecy and type from the creation down through the ages,—review them by reading the twelve prophecies that follow.

Since in former times Holy Saturday was the day especially on which the catechumens were baptized, we proceed next to the solemn blessing of the baptismal water. That the virtue of Redemption and justification is to be in this water, is signified by signs of the cross, by dipping into it the paschal candle, and by breathing upon it.

All then return to the sanctuary and prostrate while, by chanting the Litany, we implore,
(Continued on page 549)

Fools

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Is it true that waters can't settle down,
Except they have first been wild?
Is it true that one never gets old and staid,
Except one have first been a child?

Ah yes! But then must we firmly state,
As a constant law and rule,
That ere one come to be counted wise,
One must first have played the fool?

Be it so; but think there are heedless fools,
Fools wicked and selfish and hard;
And fools there be who ne'er seek themselves—
Fools of love, fools of Christ their Lord.

And so—you and I—if we've not yet reached
Grey hairs and the ways of the wise,
Let's be fools of God, that love and give,
Fools together in paradise.

From Station W-E-D

MARY CLARK JACOBS

"STATION W-E-D broadcasting," the girl mimicked, but the angry gleam in her eyes and the defiant toss of her head denied the apparent lightness of her words. "The next number on the program will be a soulful duet depicting the marital trials and tribulations of Mr. Abused Husband and Mrs. Indifferent Wife."

"What Molly really wants to say is 'tyrant husband and abused wife,'" snapped the man.

Father Furnish did not answer immediately. Instead he took out his watch, a large, old-fashioned timepiece and seemed to be seriously considering the dial. After a minute or two, he dropped it into a pocket and looked at the couple before him. Molly Harris and Walter Gardiner were married less than a year and now they sat in his study calmly informing him that they were unable to agree and had decided to separate. Their romance had not been a silly, hurried affair of unprepared youth. Walter had courted Molly several years; he had a good position and had been able to furnish a comfortable home. Their start in wedded life had seemed most propitious, no parental objections, no financial worries, no real trouble to ruffle the matrimonial sea on which they embarked; yet, within ten short months a shipwreck threatened. Why? Molly Harris had been a successful business woman before marriage; her husband was a good business man; yet, their union had not resulted in a successful partnership. Father Furnish knew the cause of the failure. It was lack of cooperation. Had there been sickness, death, loss of employment or moral weakness to combat—had there been any real, monumental issues of life to meet and fight, undoubtedly Molly and Walter would have met them and worked and struggled shoulder to shoulder. But, it had all been too easy; so they slipped into an indifference towards each other that soon resulted in actual disagreement. Hiding the grave concern he felt, when he spoke, his voice showed only impatience.

"I can give you only twenty minutes to explain," he said tersely. "I have an appointment at eleven."

They gasped in chorus. Both had dreaded this interview with their pastor. Molly was quite sure that Father Furnish would attempt to overwhelm her with a litany of marital duties and plead with her—actually beg her to reconsider the separation; and she had prepared quite a number of arguments to give him in reply. Manlike, Walter wanted to get the un-

pleasant business over as quickly as possible. But Father Furnish was disrupting both plans badly.

"We shouldn't have come to bother you," Molly said quickly. "It was Netty—my sister-in-law—she made us promise to do nothing until we had talked with you."

"Poor Annette!" the priest sighed. "She's so worried about you. You should be ashamed to trouble her now at a time when she needs rest and quiet. She has the babies to care for and that attack of influenza has left her weak."

"Then she shouldn't interfere—" said the girl.

"Now, Molly, don't blame Annette," protested the man. "She wanted to help us."

"Everyone does—and they're so exasperating—with all the advice—"

"Five minutes gone," again the priest consulted his watch.

Molly shifted in her chair uneasily. Walter cast an inquiring glance at his wife, then stammered:

"Well, Father, there—there's little to explain. I guess we're not suited to each other—or something like that. We just can't seem to agree about anything. If I say the coffee is cold, Molly discovers it is too hot to drink, and—"

"And if I say I need a new hat or dress, Wally decides that the clothes I have are good enough for another century or two of wear."

"And I'm tired of all this bickering and barking and—"

"And I'm going back to the office to earn my own money and to spend it as I please. Station W-E-D signing off!"

"Then please stand by for your pastor's announcement!" There was no levity in the priest's voice as he took his cue from her and continued in the tone of the radio broadcaster. "I'm not going to give you a lot more of exasperating advice. You know you're contemplating a grave sin. You're giving scandal and bad example—and you're quitters—both of you. You thought matrimony a game to play at and because you're not getting all you expected out of it, you're throwing down the cards. Poor sports!"

"But, Father," the girl said weakly.

"Marriage is a serious contract between a man and woman—a God-made contract that lasts for life and—" the telephone at his elbow tingled insistently and Father Furnish paused to answer.

As the priest talked, Walter jumped up ner-

vously and walked to the window. Molly was too disturbed to note what he said over the wire. To her annoyance, Father had given her no opportunity to use the nice arguments she had in readiness—and he would listen to none, she realized that. In his eyes, she was wrong, Walter was wrong, and no amount of explanations or arguments could right that wrong. She was glad that the interview would be over in a few minutes. Sincerely, she hoped, Father would not forget or neglect that eleven o'clock engagement.

Father replaced the receiver and turned towards them. He looked at Molly.

"That was you brother—"

"Jack? Interfering, too?"

"No. I doubt if he remembered you were coming here this morning. His wife—"

"Annette? She is worse?"

"Annette died a few minutes ago."

"No, Father. It can't be. She's getting better," she pleaded.

"It was a hemorrhage. Very sudden. Will you two go out to your brother at once? He's stricken with grief—and there are the children to look after."

As they hurried away, Walter Gardiner grasped his wife's arm, all misunderstandings forgotten, all thought of the contemplated separation brushed from their minds by the shock their relative's death had given them.

For a month the pastor saw neither Molly nor Walter. Neither came to visit him and, as it was the Lenten season with added duties, he remembered them only on occasions when he wondered if their difficulties had been adjusted. Molly was Jack's only sister, so, he knew, she must be deeply interested in her brother and his children in their hour of need. It was the eve of Easter when he found himself in the Gardiner neighborhood on a sick call, and he decided to drop in and ease his worry about their contemplated separation.

Molly herself answered the door, but it was a Molly he scarcely recognized. In a house dress, with a tiny morsel of humanity in her arms, another at her side, she laughingly welcomed him, apologizing for her appearance.

"I know my face is black, Father. Walter did it. He and Jack are fixing a tire."

"You and Walter? You've patched the break between you, I trust?"

She shook her head; then noting his serious frown, laughed.

"Father we've just forgotten or ignored it. We've never mentioned a separation since we were in your study. Jack and his babies needed us—needed both of us and in trying to help them we've had no time to be self-centered."

"Oh, how are you, Father?" Walter came in, a boy of four on his shoulder. "Has Molly told

you that Station W-E-D is broadcasting strong at the Gardiner residence?"

Father nodded.

"May you continue to broadcast long and loud. You've learned that it is not what you *get out of* marriage that gives happiness; it is what you *put into it*—the thoughts, the prayers, and physical efforts that bring worth-while results."

Father, Forgive Them

(Continued from page 537)

deceased man beheld a second crucifix, which replaced a previous one on her husband's bosom, she realized that she beheld there an exact reproduction of the picture she had seen in her dream. This was to her an evident proof that the religion embraced by her departed spouse was the true one. The priest, too, recognized the sign and hesitated no longer to administer baptism to the two new converts, who according to the priest's testimony are now daily communicants. The widow, who practices medicine, has become an apostle of charity. She gives her services to the poor gratis and is frequently the means of bringing the sheep within the reach of the priest, the shepherd of souls."

"Again I can't help exclaiming: the ways of God are truly marvellous!" were the assistant's words spoken with great enthusiasm.

"Yes," assented Father Gilbert, "all praise, however, is due to our Eucharistic Lord."

We can receive Jesus only once a day. But a soul, filled with love for Him, supplies for this by her desire to receive Him every moment.—Ven. Cure d'Ars.

The Traitorous Tree

ALEXANDER J. CODY, S. J.

A vagrant wind prophetic said,
"One Tree will Traitor be":
And then in cryptic silence fled
Back to eternity.

The forest trembling, sadly sighed,
And wept with the pitying sky;
The Traitor with a sullen pride
Made answer, "Is it I?"

The forest sobbed and sorely grieved,
And flung its glory down:
The Traitor, sombre, heavy-leaved,
Kept on its sable gown.

It took Death's execution rôle
On Golgotha's grim height,
And from its gibbet sped Christ's soul
Into the darkening night.

Good Friday along the Mediterranean

Similar Customs Noted Among Related Nations

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

AND now it is Holy Week all over the civilized world! From dim ages beyond recall, it has been customary to celebrate Easter Week in Seville and Malaga, Spain, with the processions of the various "Cofradias," or Brotherhoods. What the Carnival is to Venice, the Mardi Gras to New Orleans, that and more is Holy Week to these Spanish cities. These processions take place at night and the members of the societies appear as "Penitents," wearing fantastic or mediaeval costumes, and carrying lighted torches and huge candles.

Other Penitents carry the "Pasos" of their Order; these are life-sized images, sculptured in wood and polychrome, and adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones—masterpieces of workmanship of some of the best sculptors of Spain, preserved from as early as the fifteenth century: Montanes, Zarcillo, and others, presenting scenes from the life and suffering of our Lord. Frequently as many as one hundred men are needed to carry a single image. Calmly and with majestic mien, the religious parades move down the streets which are darkened in order to give a more spectacular effect.

All the picturesqueness of the Church, all the charm of untold ages, and the carefree spirit of the Spaniard are unfolded before your eyes, like the pages of a great story book come to life!

These images are guarded closely during the year, and are brought forth only on Good Friday, and carried through the streets as a symbol of the funeral of Christ. The procession has a great religious effect upon the spectators,—Holy Week in Spain is a marvel that attracts thousands of visitors from every corner of the earth, and until you have spent Easter in Spain, you have not lived! At least, so say the Spanish!

On Easter Sunday in Seville, after the religious ceremonies are all over, occurs the greatest social affair of their whole year—the Easter Bull Fight! To us this seems to be an anticlimax to the religious fervor which has prevailed throughout the preceding week—not so to the Spaniard, however. The King attends this fight, and throws the key of the bull pen into the ring, to open up the stalls where the animals are imprisoned. We were told by one person that the bulls are kept in darkened pens for several days before the fight; they are not

fed, and pepper is dusted into their eyes in order to infuriate them!

The Spanish ladies with their white lace mantillas and gaudy shawls attend this fight, under the surveillance of their "criadas" or chaperons; they throw flowers to the favorite toreadors, who receive these tokens with deep bows of thanks.

After one bull is dispatched, a team of gayly decorated mules is driven in to drag out the fallen animal, the arena is smoothed over and traces of blood covered up, and the process is repeated until six bulls have been disposed of. This event closes the Easter festivities for the Spaniard.

In the southern Italian states similar processions take place. In these the Penitents are so closely masked that one can see only their eyes and hands. The body is covered with a long white robe, and the head is surmounted with a tall pointed hood, which extends down over the shoulders also. Holes are cut in the hood for the eyes, but not for breathing. In addition to the hood a crown of thorns is worn over the head and brow; the thorns are twisted in a rude way, and a rope is passed round the neck, with a noose in the front, in which the hands of the penitent rest in the attitude of supplication. The processions move very slowly through the streets, and are directed by officials of the Church who act as marshals.

Closely allied to these celebrations is the Mystery Play of Good Friday of Monaco—the smallest and probably the most beautiful principality in the world. It is situated on a cliff with a sheer drop of five hundred feet to the blue waters of the Mediterranean; the snow-capped mountains rise behind it, forming a showy background, while gardens of semi-tropical beauty lie everywhere about the little city.

Crowds of strangers collect here yearly on Good Friday; after the evening services are over, about nine o'clock preparations are begun for a presentation of the scenes of the suffering of Christ and His way to the Cross—scenes which are allegorical, symbolical, and historical. Here again the members of a brotherhood take the parts, and a special house is maintained to keep the costumes, decoration and other necessary insignia. Huge torches furnish the light, and muffled drums are beaten. At various stops along the way, different scenes are presented; the rôle of Christ is portrayed

at each scene by a different man—always an elderly, white-haired, bearded man, garbed in crimson robes, crowned with thorns, and with drops of crimson painted upon his breast to symbolize the drops of blood. The doctors of the law are present; Pontius Pilate in all his glory; and King Herod conspicuous for his vermilion cloak and crown of gilt paper. Judas throws himself into the arms of his Master at every step, fawning upon Him, and even Adam and Eve are not forgotten, though what connection they have with the story is not clear! Their parts are played by a young boy and girl, in Louis Quinze costumes, eating apples from the branch of an orange tree! The Jewish nation is presented by young people in blue blouses and helmets resembling those of firemen; they insult the person of Christ as he passes; a tall lad strikes Him with his fist; a woman offers Him vinegar and gall; the Jews brandish axes; and the three Marys, dressed in mournful black, weep sadly. As the final scene there is the Christ on the cross, and laid in the tomb. These scenes are not portrayed, however, by human beings, but by puppets. We feel that we have been carried back to the Middle Ages as we witness these scenes—the narrow street, the mournful singing of the monks, and the weird shadows cast by the thousands of tapers and candles.

In Rome, solemn services are held from Thursday until Sunday. It seems to be out of keeping with the character of the season for the shops, offices, business houses and picture galleries to be open. All bells in Rome are silent from about eleven-thirty on Thursday morning, at the close of Mass, until the same time on Saturday morning. Even the hand bells which were ordinarily rung in the hotels for meals, and the school bells used to be silenced; instead of these, a sort of wooden clapper was used, said to have been used by the Greeks long ages ago. On Thursday evening the shops of the candle makers, sausage makers, and pork dealers are decorated in a unique manner. The Virgin and Holy Child have an important place, and are surrounded by flowers and candles. These shops thus draw large crowds and consequently witness an increase of business.

In the little island of Sicily, called "Trinacria" by the early Greeks, which may be considered as a daughter of Rome, traces of the same customs may be found. Their Holy Week services begin the day before Good Friday—on Maundy Thursday—at which time chosen ones carry to the Church an image of the mother of Christ, her breast pierced by daggers, and an effigy of the crucified Savior across her knees. On Friday, a band of devotees, robed and masked in white, proceeds through the town, and carries a casket of glass enclosing a full-

sized figure of Christ embedded in flowers. The Church is the destination of this band also, where pots of sprouted grain are placed about the casket. In contrast to this procession, a black-robed multitude seethes back and forth outside the Church, bearing candles and emblems of the Crucifixion, such as a hammer and nails, or a sponge or a napkin.

In Morocco, just across the Mediterranean, the Sultan sacrifices for his nation on the Mohammedan Easter—every true Mohammedan is supposed to sacrifice at this season. The Sultan sacrifices the first sheep with attendant playing of bands and firing of cannons. Thus, the news is spread, and the sacrifices are then made by the private families. This is the great festive occasion of their year—new clothes are worn, and gifts are sent to the Sultan by the tribes.

In Athens the shops are closed on Good Friday; the people go to Church, light their candles in the chapel, and go home to fast for the rest of the day. On Saturday they do their shopping for the feast of the morrow. Red-dyed Easter eggs and lamb are in the greatest demand. At ten o'clock Saturday night the midnight Easter service begins: It is held on a platform in Metropolitan Square before the Cathedral. After the singing of the Easter Mass by the Metropolitan, who is the head of the Greek Church, a huge candle is lighted by his hand; all the audience bring new candles which they light directly or indirectly from the great candle; these lights are taken home carefully to light little oil lamps which burn all the year before the family crucifix, called the "Ikon."

Thus we have made quite a complete tour of the countries bordering on the blue Mediterranean, and can now contrast as well as compare their observance of the Passion of Christ with our own customs.

Faith

NANCY BUCKLEY

Remember how His grace has filled
Each moment of your life,
And how His gentle voice has stilled
The storm in days of strife.

Remember how His loving smiles
Have brought rest to your soul
While travelling the weary miles
That lead you to your goal.

Remember how your answered prayer
Has opened wide the door
To light. Remember all His care
And trust Him evermore.

A Shepherd and His Flock

From the French, by MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 6

TWO NEW INMATES

THE day after the pilgrimage to Lourdes while Father Sylvain was busy in the garden, Poli made his appearance carrying a spade with a broken handle, a rake minus three prongs, and a watering pot, which, from its appearance, would leak badly if put to the use for which it was intended.

Father Sylvain looked up from his work:

"Good morning, Poli," he said. "How do you feel after your trip?"

"Very well, M. le Curé," rejoined Poli, taking a large medal of Lourdes from his bosom and kissing it devoutly.

"My sins have all been forgiven and I am a new man. The old Poli is dead and buried."

"I like your spirit," said the priest, "but one must not be too confident. You know the Bible story of the devil, who, when driven out from the unfortunate man whose soul he possessed, soon returned with seven others stronger than himself, and the case of that man was worse than at first."

"Ah, M. le Curé," answered Poli, "but I have never been possessed by even *one* devil. I have only been a little careless, and I am sure," again kissing the medal devoutly—

The priest interrupted him:

"Pray, pray, Poli. Prayer is necessary for perseverance, and perseverance for perfection."

"Yes, yes, M. le Curé," meekly rejoined Poli, feeling that his self-confidence had been somewhat reprovéd. He took a seat on a bench near the arbor and his gardening tools fell clattering to the ground.

"What have you there, Poli?" inquired the Curé, glancing up once more from his planting.

"A set of gardening tools which I bought cheaply this morning from Zephyrin. We haggled over them a good deal at first, but when he learned that I wanted them for you, he came down a few sous. They are far from new, but can still do good service in skillful hands."

"You wanted them for me!" exclaimed the Curé. "I have a perfectly good set of tools, as you know, and I take good care of them."

"Yes, M. le Curé, and that is why I thought it better to have some of my own for the garden,—since my conversion,—I have determined to be an idler no longer, and I am coming to work for you, M. le Curé."

"To work for me?" once more exclaimed Father Sylvain.

"Yes," replied Poli, "there are many things I can do. For instance, ring the bell in the morning for the Angelus and Mass, thereby allowing yourself and Madame Véronique a longer sleep, and also at noon and evening. Of course, I can sweep the church much quicker and cleaner than old Melanie, whose back is bent nearly double from rheumatism; I can also clean the candlesticks, which will save Madame Véronique time and labor; in fact, there are many ways in which I can make myself useful, and I shall only ask a very few francs a month for my services, because, you see, there will be hours when I shall not be busy here, and at such times I can go fishing, or mend tins, and broken chairs, as I have always done, thus earning a few sous every day."

Several times during this speech the Curé was about to interrupt, but at every effort of the kind, Poli would raise his voice, so that when he had finished it had begun to take the form of a harangue delivered in a loud tone, as from one determined to say what was in his mind regardless of the wishes of his audience.

"Poli, I cannot afford to hire a gardener or sexton."

"M. le Curé, there is always the fund," said Poli solemnly.

"It was not placed in my charge to allow myself luxuries," said the priest, with as great solemnity, "it is to be used for the general good."

"I am not a luxury, M. le Curé," quickly rejoined Poli.

"You certainly do not look like one," answered Father Sylvain, with a swift smiling, but comprehensive glance, taking in Poli's ragged clothes, worn shoes, rimless cap and unshaven chin.

"You mean that I would not make a creditable appearance at the presbytery," rejoined the astute Poli. "There are always very good second-hand coats and vests to be found at Zephyrin's, and as for the trousers, your own discarded ones would not be a bad fit, we are about the same size; and the shoes, M. le Curé, I think the shoes can be managed. These I have on are miles too large. My mother was a Basque, you know, a pure Basque, and I inherit her small feet."

Father Sylvain assayed to speak, but Poli exclaimed in a voice more strident and emphatic than before:

"M. le Curé, you must do as I ask, if you wish me to save my soul; otherwise, 'the case

of this man will be worse than at first."

"But, Poli, said the priest, "admitting that you will do good work and earn your few francs monthly, I doubt if my mother would care to be providing meals for you in the kitchen. She likes to have it to herself."

"In the kitchen," cried Poli, "in the kitchen. I will not think of such a thing. One side of the little shed or tool house over yonder is vacant. In it I could install a cot, a chair, a table, and a small oil stove, where I could cook my own meals,—and there you are."

"How did you know that half of the shed was vacant?" inquired Fr. Sylvain.

"I peeped in as I came along," replied Poli.

Father Sylvain stood reflecting, while Poli rising from the bench, his ragged cap in his hand, and his feet finding a lodgement between the fallen battered garden tools, his eyes intent upon the priest, his large mouth half open, presented to the mind of Father Sylvain a picture of a culprit eagerly awaiting and expecting—not justice or punishment, but mercy and probation. For some time, moreover, he had been thinking of employing an occasional helper about the premises, in order to lighten the labors of his mother rather than his own.

"Well, Poli," he said at last, "I will speak to my mother and tell you of our decision this evening."

"Thank you, M. le Curé," said Poli with a sigh of relief. "I have no doubt of Madame Véronique's decision, so I shall just leave those little things here until I return." Pushing them vigorously under the bench, he strode rapidly away, fearful that a moment's further delay, might change the acquiescing spirit of the Curé into one of disapproval or rejection of his plan.

And this is how Poli came to the presbytery.

* * * * *

It was a warm afternoon in August, the doctor had just arrived at the presbytery. Father Sylvain, hat in hand, was prepared to accompany him to the home of the late Jean Brillant on the mountainside.

He knocked at the half-open door of his mother's room. There was no response. He opened it and saw that she was dozing in her easy chair, a half-darned sock in the hand that lay resting on her knee.

He thought as he stood there what a fine face was hers, soft waves of gray hair escaping from the little lace cap she wore, the sole tribute to vanity she ever paid, and then only in her few hours of afternoon leisure.

There was scarcely a wrinkle on the broad high forehead, and the finely arched eyebrows were still dark, all untouched by the frosts of age; the soft cheeks and tender mouth were appealing in their unconscious beauty. But the

hands that lay upon her knees, though small and shapely, were roughened and scarred by the toil of many years. She must have felt his presence in her sleep, for she suddenly opened her eyes:

"Ah, my Sylvain!" she exclaimed, "I must have slept a little, what is it?"

He came and stood beside her:

"Mother," he said, "the doctor and I have been summoned to the mountain. He stopped on his way last night from Lacharrette to see how the old woman and child were doing. He found the grandmother very ill, dying. He came just now to ask me to go back with him. The neighbors are good, of course, but that little girl has been practically alone with the old woman since Madeleine's father and mother died three months ago."

"The poor little thing," exclaimed Madame Véronique, "what will become of her? Could you not leave her here until a home can be found for her?"

"That is what I wished to ask you," replied the priest. "It would not be too much trouble?"

"Trouble," echoed his mother, "to shelter the homeless, to care for the orphan? Oh no!"

"But where will you find room for her?" inquired Father Sylvain.

"The room is always prepared," answered his mother, pointing to an alcove hidden by curtains, "there is the cot bed,—the stand and chair,—ready for the visitor who never comes; it is only to put clean bedclothes on, sheets and blankets, of which we have plenty. You will bring her with you when you come?"

"Probably—yes," said the priest, "if the old woman dies; certainly, if she is still living. As it is only a question of a short time, it might also be better. Thank you, mother, you are so kind."

She kissed his hand, then patted it with her toil-worn fingers.

As he passed the window with the doctor, he could see her taking blankets from the *armoire* near it.

* * * * *

The August twilight was deepening into night when Father Sylvain climbed from the doctor's cart and lifted the child to the ground.

(Continued on page 549)

Easter Chimes

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

E aster Chimes with gladness ring,
A s with silvery peals they sing
S ongs to God on high;
T elling of the wondrous thing
E aster saw, when Christ, our King,
R ose, no more to die.

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY

WRONGDOERS nowadays get so much attention that any attempt to reward decency is so novel most people would be interested in reading about a series of talks for youths on college level who are able to take care of themselves. The Monday night meetings, which these articles describe, became possible through the generosity of the Very Reverend J. W. Donahue, Superior General of the Order of Holy Cross, who agreed to meet the young men interested once a week while his visitation to the American Province permitted his presence at the University of Notre Dame, the general headquarters for the Order.

At the first meeting of the class in English for freshmen engineers, they write an impromptu paper, as a partial basis for judging their preparation. It is papers like the appended "Thoughts of a Particular Freshman" which impress us with our opportunity and with the necessity for offering young men already well prepared further chance to become intelligent Catholic laymen of the finest type.

"Across the fields of yesterday,
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play,
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within.
I wonder if he hopes to see,
The man I might have been."

We all have our misgivings and miscalculations; none of us is perfect or even anywhere near being so. During our high school days when our mental facilities were not so well developed logically, we could not grasp all angles of any subject before us. Then our faults did not appear so colossal to us. We made mistakes; yes, sometimes big ones which we thought could never be smothered out. Many times we were ready to throw down all and hold up our battles.

Now, as a freshman in a university, particularly a university like Notre Dame, which holds up before us both the spiritual and material ideal, we do not easily give up the fight. We experience a state of renaissance. A new experience is laid before us, an experience which will last for four years. Our high school problems are forgot-

ten, and we start off at a new tangent.

We have a new chance to correct our faults. We have a chance to live up to the expectations of our parents, relatives, and friends back home. Spiritual assistance will help us greatly; and that which appeared impossible before can now be a probability.

How wrong it would be to let a youth with such an attitude merely exist in mediocrity—both of us satisfied because he causes no trouble and is let alone. If it were possible to keep every decent student who comes to the University good, the result would merely be static. Members of the aristocracy of goodness should be made good for something—they must become dynamic sources of advance in their communities, in the groups with which they live. As the *Religious Bulletin* announced: the Conferences represent a special grace God offers. From them one may get a stability which will save his soul if he drifts after leaving school.

The young men have, of course, done their part when they present themselves on time and as close to the speaker as possible. After the first meeting they determine whether it would be of advantage to continue. To insert another student's paper at this point would retard too much our getting started, but were those adults interested in the Conference in doubt as to whether they should be continued, a student's record of his reaction to Father Cavanaugh's "The Conquest of Life" (a reading suggested in connection with one of the talks) would completely efface their indecision. This student took a phase of "the hunger to know more" as text and showed its application to each individual at Notre Dame and its ramifications in the social group of which the student later became a part, with the effect on succeeding generations, on Christianity, and the history of the race, if we follow the path of least resistance or if all our forbears had.

Everyone knows what Father O'Hara has accomplished in encouraging frequent Communion on the University Campus. (The annual *Religious Survey* presents details). The next step after that in the education of Catholic laymen is spiritual direction, for since no man is judge of his own case, he who would have the flaws removed from his character needs but select a confessor—a specialist in the building of character—and follow his advice confidently. Continuous adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is another worthy goal; but youth must be

trained to accept the ideas, to achieve the attitude which makes these accomplishments possible.

To open up possibilities, to encourage investigation to direct thought, Father Donahue consented to open the Conferences; and while he felt that the presence of twelve (the number of the Apostles) would have justified his half-hour talk, the three hundred fifty at the first meeting suggested youth's yearning for the Infinite. (They may not know why they seek eagerly for they know not what; but an article in *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* for November, 1927, discusses the matter and includes evidence in the form of student papers). Despite such counter-attractions as a pep meeting during football season, Indiana downpourings, and the like, the attendance has always been over two hundred. To the speaker the number was not, however, of import, because any circumstance which would test the young men's choice between a spiritual conference and a conflicting engagement was welcomed. Those who were faithful deserved the best that could be offered them. "The glory of self-denial, the strength of self-control, and the beauty of being able to surrender oneself to the call of a clean ambition" is inspiring, "for whenever one surrenders himself to hard knocks and accepts stern discipline he draws into his heart the unbending steel of character."

The perfect life in God is the only natural, normal life, if we could but realize it (*Victims of Love*, p. 69). The call comes to no two souls the same way. God seems to delight in forming each creation to a pattern unique in its beauty.... Every soul has its distinguishing marks of particular devotion.... God makes use of these attractions to draw the victim soul to her consecration. A lover of the Blessed Sacrament will feel the call at Communion or during a visit to the Prisoner of Love (*Ibid.* p. 9).

Even non-Catholics recognize the moral value of religious education, the close relation of Christianity and morality. Witness Dr. Frederick W. Foerster (*Marriage and the Sex problem*, p. 220 f.):

Mere moralists can, then, assign pupils moral tasks but cannot give them the higher life.... Lower passions force their objects on us with immense reality and clearness. The higher part of our nature cannot meet this onslaught if the higher life makes no more than abstract appeal. It must far surpass the lower in cleanness and

reality, in living richness, fire, and force of will.

In reality an expansion of life on the lower level cannot be overcome except through the expansion of life on the highest. Religion must always be the irreplaceable power in sexual education; it points higher than material instruction. The great religious characters of history, through example of their liberation, arouse in man his deeply concealed yearning for true freedom, the unquenchable thirst with which the soul seeks the eternal fountain of its life....

Religion is a restraining moral force of the first order, and Christianity is correctly described as a complete system of government for all evil impulses.... It would be disastrous to trust a race of semibarbarians to the guidance and educational methods of those who belittle Christianity and the Catholic Church which successfully absorbed the barbarian invasion.

At all times Father Donahue's approach was positive, and that fact and his use of illustration fascinated the listeners. In introducing the habit of the presence of God, for instance, he suggested the possibilities of our moments after receiving Holy Communion, when angels hover near the recipient in adoration of Him whom the living ciborium carry in their hearts. But I shall let a student tell it.

There are many things at Notre Dame which I have seen and heard, and by which I am trying to become a true Catholic youth. My beliefs, formerly weak and uncared for, have been spurred on and aroused to realize the meaning of Christ and His sinners. After each address by Father Donahue, I have left the place of meeting with two or more objectives. Among these, I have had to desire to write concerning the good these conferences have been to me or to show others in some way how they, too, may see their faults through the addresses.

Father Donahue, the man of metaphors, has changed my aspect of worship a great deal. He has taught me to pray with belief rather than as recitation, to spend two or three hours with the Blessed Sacrament on the First Friday, to call upon God in temptation, as well as to realize what our Savior has done for sinners.

P. S. I will appreciate it very much if you will enumerate the weak

points in my character, visible to you, and how I may overcome them. I hope you will be straight-forward with me.

During the week following each conference on the *Religious Bulletin* and in the classroom the matter was approached from other angles. When natural impetuosity, the mortal enemy of the precious habit of the presence of God, came up, in its connection we discussed work, haste, diversion, and so forth. Lest those, who had not attended the conference, be unaware of what they had missed. In this connection the *Bulletin* mentioned St. Alphonsus and his vow not to waste a moment's time:

If he had been in charge of the spiritual welfare of the present senior class for the past four years, the chances are that he would have had a scruple or two about the fulfillment of his vow. This guess is hazarded even making allowance for the fact that St. Alphonsus was a great Saint; God has shown many and distinguished favors to some of the members of this class who now show Him rather slight regard.

Throughout the series students' interest was stimulated and quickened by follow-ups of this nature.

The *Religious Bulletin* appears daily (except Sunday) on fourteen boards in various parts of the Campus, so that its possibilities as a medium of communication are apparent. (We were glad to watch announcements of when and where the conference was to be held; we took Father Donahue when and where we could get him.) In the classroom the follow-ups may appear in discussion, through questions, or on the blackboard. In our room one can put a thousand words of material on the board at any one time, if its appeal is not general enough to mimeograph it. (The notes on the first four conferences were mimeographed to prevent division of attention and to insure students getting the material, so much of which was new to many of them.) To introduce students to an admirable book, to amplify what Father Donahue said, and to help students get this new point of view, this extract from *Victim of Love* (p. 81) was written on the board.

The grace of the presence of God is a special gift by which we become, as it were, wrapped round with God. He is rarely absent from the mind, and permeates every action and thought.

God is omnipresent—a mine of consolation when we do not feel Him close to us.

In citing authority for the practice of the presence of God, Father Donahue had recalled St. Francis de Sales' recommending it to his spiritual children as their daily bread.

As in feeding our bodies we add bread to all our other viands, so also is there no other exercise which combines more conveniently and profitably with all our actions than that of the presence of God.

This is the delightful exercise of the blessed or rather the perpetual exercise of their beatitude, according to the words of our Lord, "Their angels always see the face of My Father Who is in heaven." For if the Queen of Sheba considered the servants and courtiers of Solomon as very happy from being always in his presence, listening to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips, how much greater is the happiness of those who are continually attentive to the holy presence of Him on Whom the angels desire to look, although they continually behold Him, a desire which keeps up in them a perpetual hunger to behold more and more Him whom they contemplate; for the more they behold Him Whom they desire, the more they desire to behold Him, never becoming satiated.

As this material develops we shall interweave the substance of the conferences in order to show how students are encouraged to think of and to remember God in all places, at all times, and in every occupation. While this is merely an amplification of the nickel catechism's "God is everywhere," to consider God as always present to us and to turn to Him with affections of the soul is the speedy and certain road to holiness.

We were, of course, dealing with the cream of over twenty-five hundred students. That fact must be remembered lest someone feel that no normal teacher would be so stupid as to suggest that young men be deterred from work. (The object of our teaching is not, to be sure, to make students work; it is to train them intelligently. That shift in objective makes what follows more comprehensible.)

(To be Continued)

Easter Lilies

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

E aster Lilies, fragrant, white,
A re mute symbols of the light
S hrouding Jesus risen;
T elling how our God of Might,
E arly, ere the dawn was bright,
R ose from death's dark prison.

Liturgical Life

(Continued from page 539)

through the Saints, the blessings of God, the fruits of Redemption. With the final *Kyrie* Mass begins. Prayers at the foot of the altar are said, then with a surprising crash the *Gloria in Excelsis* bursts upon us amid ringing of bells and peal of organ. Ever the same *Gloria* though it be, yet there is no *Gloria* like it to us. It is overpowering. We feel that, though our voices catch in our throats, we must fill the very heavens with the volume of our joy. And this joy is nigh beyond measure when, after the Epistle, the celebrant intones *Alleluia* three times, each time in a higher tone, and we repeat each *Alleluia* after him. Lips, open to sing, smile as they sing; our hearts know but one thing: *Alleluia*—praise to the Lord—Christ is risen. And this joy is finally complete when after Communion the *Magnificat* is introduced with that sweet "*Vespere autem Sabbati*" and all concludes with the solemn *Ite Missa Est, Alleluia, Alleluia*.

What a drama this that seemed once tragedy, but turned instead to a triumph that transcends all things earthly—the glorious triumph merited by our Savior through His death, and renewed and echoed in our spirits by our victory, through His death, over sin and damnation. *Alleluia* is the day's refrain sounding ever in our ears. Let bells ring out, let lights gleam, let joy be paramount; for the hush and darkness and sadness of sin and death are no more. Christ, our Head, has died and by His death conquered sin and death. And we His members now live a new life of grace—a pledge of that eternal life in glory, to attain which His triumph has made it possible—easy for us all.

For the next few weeks Easter Joy, the Easter song of triumph—*Alleluia*, Easter newness and white is over all. In Mass and Office the *Alleluia* recurs again and again. We ponder over again this victory and glory of the risen Christ and are bidden to hope for a like glory if we rise from sin and earth and seek the things that are above. For forty days Christ stays in our midst, as symbolized by the burning of the paschal candle which is to be extinguished finally on Ascension day. And while the Bridegroom is with us we neither mourn nor fast. All the prayer and ceremony is festive, jubilant; strictly penitential acts are graciously dispensed with. Like the innocent Easter lamb, we bask and frolic in the springtime sunshine and balm of God's favor, in the renewed innocence and sinlessness of His children now made brethren and coheirs with the risen Christ.

A Shepherd and his Flock

(Continued from page 545)

She was thin and pale. Her dark hair, neglected and straggly, hung about her face, but it had a soft natural wave.

Her eyes were large and pathetic, her mouth sweet and appealing.

With both hands she carried a small bundle of clothing, all she possessed.

The doctor took the bundle, the priest clasping the little thin hand in his own, led her to the step where Madame Véronique was awaiting him.

"Welcome, my dear child," she said, stooping to kiss the little one on the forehead."

The child smiled pathetically but did not speak.

"Is all over?" inquired Madame Véronique of her son.

"All is over," he replied.

The doctor put a five-franc piece into the child's hand, said a hurried good night, and drove away.

The priest and his mother, with the child between them, passed into the house.

And that is how Marie Brillant came to the presbytery, which she never left again, until she went forth from it as a bride.

(To be continued)

The Constant Station

MYRTLE CONGER

When I'm tuning in, in my nightly quest,
On my radio, with a true fan's zest,
From WJZ to KFOA,

It seems to me most enigmatic,
That, though I tune in as my log-books say,
Though I twirl each dial as it should be
From KNX back to WRC,

Yet I'm always tuned in on static!

I may get concerts, some jazz, or the news;
I may get a talk on some late *Who's Who's*;
Or, maybe, stories for kiddies' bedtime;

I may get a lecture emphatic,
With, perchance, some recipes cast in rime.
Though I always tune in exactly so,
From CYA up to CNRO,

Yet, somehow, I always get static!

No matter what programs are on the air,
And though I tune in with selective care,
From WSB to WGN,

I'll get in some wave-cross, erratic,
From PWX and around again,
Some broadcast from Station B-U-Z-Z;
But O-H, what sport tuning in would be,
With every night silent for static!

Love and Lilies

ANNA ROZILLA CREVER

WARREN REYBURN drove his car into the garage and sprang lightly out. For a man of his generous proportions, he was remarkably agile. Perhaps a light heart functioning normally in a wholesome body had something to do with his alacrity. Homecomings, ever since his marriage, had been all that a devoted husband could wish, though, since the passing of his one child, Pearl, there had always been present at such times a shadow.

Remembering that on his way home he had purchased a basket of grapes from a roadside vineyard, he reached in eagerly behind the front seat where he had set them beneath the protection of a heavy robe. He felt a thrill of keen pleasure as he thought of Elita's enjoyment of the luscious fruit, but drew back rather startled as he saw the broadly striped folds of the robe begin to move. He threw it up on the back seat, half expecting to see that a tramp dog of the highway had taken refuge beneath the blanket. To his great surprise, and, it must be owned, his momentary annoyance, a child looked up at him with dark blinking eyes. The little one, though not in rags, was clothed in a blue gingham slip scantily made, and showed in every line of her thin body and drawn face that those who had cared for her had reduced her subsistence to the merest crumb.

The small mouth was stained with the purple of grapes ravenously devoured in response to the demands of a small but insistent appetite. Warren set the basket on the floor of the garage, then with both arms he lifted the mite of a child out of the car and settled her against his breast. With the basket in one hand, and the child encircled by his other arm, he hastened toward the house. On the side porch, which was screened with moon vine, he met Elita. She was, as always, a radiant welcomer, and as ever, daintily attractive, this time in a dress of blue linen. A heart leap of joy shook the big blond husband as he saw her stand smiling, and ready with kisses of which he had never tired. But he was startled at the change in her mood when she saw the child. Setting the grapes on the wicker table, he kissed her with grave tenderness.

"Warren, whose—whose child have you there?" with this question he noticed a pallor creep over her face.

"That's what I'd like to know," he answered. "Must be a case of abandonment. Somebody either put her into my car, or she crept in while

I was changing tires. Say, Strayling, where do you belong?"

The child pointed in all directions successively.

"Where is Daddy?" Warren asked.

Her vacant look disclosed nothing but ignorance of the word.

"You have us guessing all right. We'll have to play the game of parents till the right ones turn up, eh, Elita?" There was gentle pleading in his voice, almost a prayer for her consent.

"But, Warren, she is not clean—and—and there is no bed—none but Pearl's."

Elita's hands flew to her face. Sharp sobs shook her. She sank into the chair beside the wicker table. Warren with masculine disregard of consequences, set the stained and sticky morsel in her lap, then knelt and drew them both toward him.

"Dear girl," he said eagerly, "let's keep the Strayling—she'll help fill the gap. We can arrange about a bed, and this—this stickiness will come off."

"Oh, Warren, dear,—and dress her in Pearl's clothes?"

"But, Elita, she too is a child—in need of the creature comforts we give to anything that can suffer."

Warren said no more, but in his big kind heart he hoped that the mute appeal of the Strayling's pitiable plight would bring from Elita the response he desired. He left them together, and when he came in to dinner two hours later, he found the child sleeping warm and clean on a little couch in his wife's sewing room. He made no comment other than to thank her for attending to the little one's needs.

"I bathed her, Warren," Elita said at the dinner table as she served the soup, "but I could hardly bear to have her put her arms around me—and she wanted to—it made me shudder. She'd eaten so many grapes I dared not give her milk."

"What did you give her?"

"Broth, with crackers broken in. She drank it more like a famished puppy than a human being."

Warren winced at the matter-of-fact recital, for the Elita he had known was warm-hearted. Her coldness he attributed to the suddenness of the demand upon her sympathies. Once more the wise husband forbore to discuss the matter further.

When they retired for the night, Warren

found both narrow white beds covered with exquisitely laundered child-garments. There was pervading the room a faint perfume that told its own story of treasures uncovered.

"I was looking through these for something in which to dress the Strayling, as you call her," said Elita, "and I did not have time to put them away before dinner—and then the Browns came in."

"Mighty pretty little duds!" Warren tenderly held up a white linen dress on which trailing grasses and butterflies were skilfully etched by the embroiderer's needle. "This would be just the thing for the Strayling," he said softly.

"O Warren, how can you suggest it? I could not bring myself to put a single one of these things on her—and you choose the very best. To-morrow I will telephone Blacks to send out some ready-mades for a four-year old."

Warren did not answer, but oh so gently lifted off the daintier garments and laid them high up on the pillow, as if searching for something. "Here it is!" he exclaimed, almost triumphantly. "This would please the Strayling immensely."

He held up a little dress of tan linen on which were outlined in artful stitchery a frolicking procession of gaily impossible wonderland bunnies dressed in scarlet coats.

"You dear thoughtless boy! Have you forgotten? I made that for Pearl's fourth Easter. I couldn't possibly—"

"Sorry, Elita. Perhaps in the morning—Let's lay them all away. It's too hard for you."

Down on his knees before the cedar chest, Warren took with reverent tenderness from Elita's hands each tiny garment, and laid it away in the fragrant darkness. Pearl had delighted in these little frocks because mother had made them so interesting with panels of smocking, and baskets of posies outlined in gay cottons. The sheer white lawns with lace-edged rippling collars and narrow tucks had accentuated her fragility, while the blue denim koveralls had been an incentive to outdoor exercise, and many were the forts and towers Pearl had built in the sand pile while wearing them. She had enjoyed the freedom of movement when helping Daddy seed, and hoe, and rake during the spring gardening. One by one came the bright hoods, dainty frilled bonnets, her warm scarlet coat, slippers and stockings. Warren was relieved when the precious garments were once more out of sight, for he had experienced the sensation of choking during the pathetic little task.

But there was nevertheless in his mind the persistent query why such useful and lovely clothing should become less sacred when used for the comfort of a destitute waif such as the one innocently entrusted to their care.

That night he lay awake thinking deeply. Something definite should be done at once about the Strayling. Though in his secret soul he hoped Elita's feeling toward her would change and that no one would come to claim her, he felt that in all kindness to possibly defrauded parents, he should make every effort to locate them. For two weeks, therefore, he left the office early in the afternoon with a courteous good-bye to his secretary, and set out along the way he had come on the day he had found the child in his car. He retraced every mile, driving in at every crossroad and private avenue to make inquiry. But no one knew the child, or wanted her, any more than they wanted the fruit of an orchard limb by some sinister frost, bitten and shriveled and kept from its rightful development. Police stations and detention homes in the nearby city were visited, but there was no child missing.

Meanwhile the Strayling began to show the wholesome effects of Elita's care. Sleep, cleanliness, and proper food were filling out sunken cheeks and painting roses on them. The large dark eyes were losing their frightened, famished expression. The fact that this beneficent work was being accomplished without the impulse of motherly affection did not hinder.

As the time lengthened, the Strayling continued to improve under this perfunctory care, but to keep Pearl ever dominant in her affections was becoming a passion with Elita. She was consumed with carefully concealed jealousy when she realized that her husband had raised no barriers, and was gradually receiving without reservations the Strayling into his heart. Often during the stormy winter evenings the Strayling knew the restful strength of Warren's enfolding arms. Always at his homecomings there was, beside books or flowers for Elita, some treasure of toy or sweetmeat for the Strayling.

After the child had been with them six months, Warren experienced something of a shock one day when he drove his car into the driveway and saw standing before his own door, a big touring car with the pennant "Oakland" streaming across its rear. He hurried in and saw Elita, with the Strayling beside her standing in her front doorway, closely conversing with a stout, overdressed woman.

"Your 'ad' didn't give age or type," Warren heard the woman say, for her voice was as loud as her dress. "I wanted a blonde. This'n has dark hair and eyes—looks like a furriner. Sorry, Madam. Good-bye."

Warren stood aside politely while the woman swept past him and lumbered out to her car.

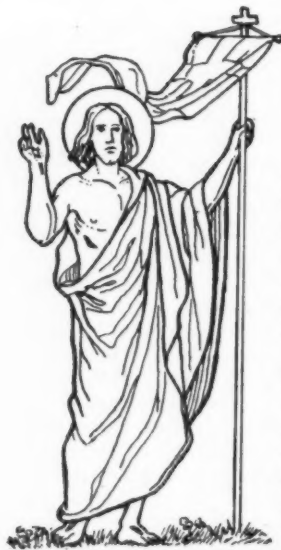
"Elita, did you advertise the Strayling?" Warren's face was very white. Elita would

(Continued on page 554)

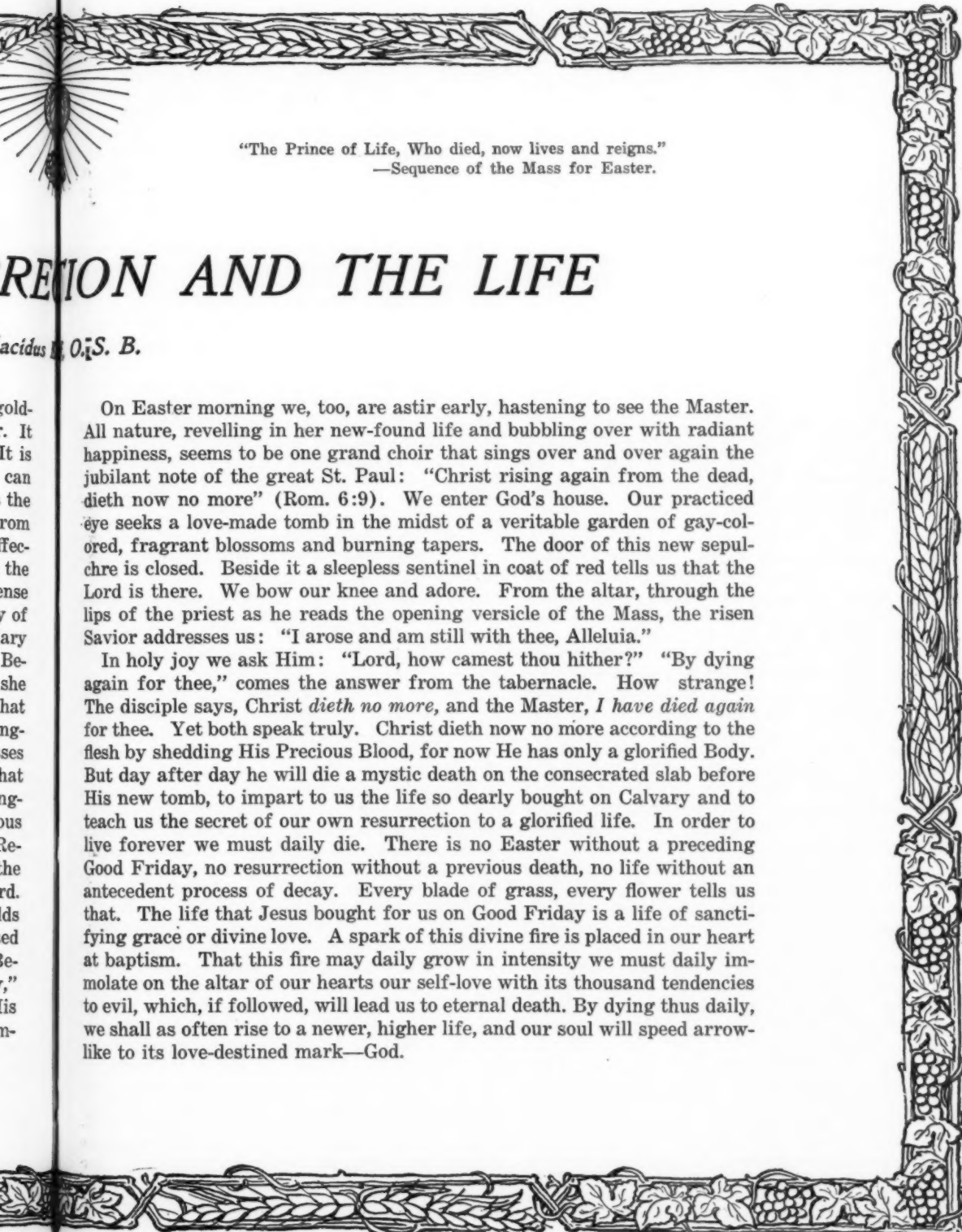
"Together death and life in a strange conflict strove;

I AM THE RESURRECTION

Placidus M. O'S



LOVE is a deathless fire. It forgets the golden link that unites two hearts forever. It is astir early to seek the loved one. It is impatient of delay. No obstacle can quench its ardor. Yea, it even bridges the bottomless chasm that cleaves time from eternity. It rests not till it reposes in the affectionate embrace of the Beloved. Thus before the heavenly Father has lighted the first immense Easter candle in the crimson-draped sanctuary of the East in honor of His risen Son, we see Mary Magdalen, who "loved much," hastening to her Beloved, laid to rest in the garden tomb. There she may cool her burning heart on the cold slab that separates her from the object of her ardent longing, the very soul of her new life. She passes through the open portal, and, lo! she sees that the great stone has been rolled away. With winged feet she speeds back to inform two anxious hearts, Peter and John, of what she has seen. Returning in haste she takes her place again at the open tomb, weeping, for she knows not where they have laid her Lord. She peers into the empty tomb. No, He is not there! Turning, she beholds a masculine form before her. Fixing her tear-dimmed eyes on the supposed gardener, she inquires of him where she may seek for, and find, her Beloved. He, with celestial sweetness, speaks one loving word: "Mary," and she, thrilled by the music in the voice she knows so well, falls at His feet, whilst her heart, fairly bursting with joy, can force from her trembling lips but a single word: "Master!"



"The Prince of Life, Who died, now lives and reigns."
—Sequence of the Mass for Easter.

REIGN AND THE LIFE

acidus 0. S. B.

On Easter morning we, too, are astir early, hastening to see the Master. All nature, revelling in her new-found life and bubbling over with radiant happiness, seems to be one grand choir that sings over and over again the jubilant note of the great St. Paul: "Christ rising again from the dead, dieth now no more" (Rom. 6:9). We enter God's house. Our practiced eye seeks a love-made tomb in the midst of a veritable garden of gay-colored, fragrant blossoms and burning tapers. The door of this new sepulchre is closed. Beside it a sleepless sentinel in coat of red tells us that the Lord is there. We bow our knee and adore. From the altar, through the lips of the priest as he reads the opening versicle of the Mass, the risen Savior addresses us: "I arose and am still with thee, Alleluia."

In holy joy we ask Him: "Lord, how camest thou hither?" "By dying again for thee," comes the answer from the tabernacle. How strange! The disciple says, Christ *dieth no more*, and the Master, *I have died again* for thee. Yet both speak truly. Christ dieth now no more according to the flesh by shedding His Precious Blood, for now He has only a glorified Body. But day after day he will die a mystic death on the consecrated slab before His new tomb, to impart to us the life so dearly bought on Calvary and to teach us the secret of our own resurrection to a glorified life. In order to live forever we must daily die. There is no Easter without a preceding Good Friday, no resurrection without a previous death, no life without an antecedent process of decay. Every blade of grass, every flower tells us that. The life that Jesus bought for us on Good Friday is a life of sanctifying grace or divine love. A spark of this divine fire is placed in our heart at baptism. That this fire may daily grow in intensity we must daily immolate on the altar of our hearts our self-love with its thousand tendencies to evil, which, if followed, will lead us to eternal death. By dying thus daily, we shall as often rise to a newer, higher life, and our soul will speed arrow-like to its love-destined mark—God.

(Continued from page 551)

have given her two perfectly formed hands that Warren had so often praised in fervent love-words, if she had not been the cause of that look.

"Yes, Warren, I did. You know you were unwilling to put her in an asylum—and—and I took the only other course. I could not endure to have her taking our Pearl's place. No one can say I have not done for the child."

"Indeed not," quickly returned Warren, his pallor increasing. "But—but I would have appreciated your confidence."

This was one of the few times that Warren had been angry with her, and for that reason his words were doubly poignant. He caught up the Strayling in his arms, took her coat and cap from the hook on which they hung and left the house. Presently Elita heard the car purring out of the driveway and down the street. He had left her without the usual kiss or the cheerful farewell he always shouted to her before he started the engine. Where had he gone? Why had he taken the Strayling?

Elita felt as if the universe had collapsed, and her own star was whirling toward disaster. She ran out to the gate, but already the car was out of sight. Then she returned to the house. Each cozy room seemed to stretch away from her into spaces chill and unfriendly. She had never suffered before at Warren's frequent absences, for his leave-takings had ever been softened with caresses, and promises to return as soon as possible. She sobbed for an hour, face downward on her narrow white bed. The stillness was smothering her. She would almost have let the Strayling offer comfort with the embrace of rounding arms—then with this thought had come a quick recession of feeling and she allowed the image of Pearl to hover between them.

After her grief had spent itself in tears, she began to take refuge in action. She must do something, go somewhere—the house was intolerable. Suppose Warren should not return? Suppose. Suppose—but of course he would. He always had. She dressed for the afternoon, intending to spend it with Elise Brown, one of her few intimate friends. Elise was plump and calm, and would doubtless restore her poise. But the marks of weeping could not quickly be removed. In the meantime, she reflected, Warren might telephone—he often did—and she would not be at home to receive the message. She decided, after all, not to go out, took off her visiting dress and put on the pretty soft cream twill with touches of blue that Warren liked—she had finished it only the week before—and went into her white kitchen. She resolved that, if forgiveness could be won, and the

trust he had always had in her, restored through the serving of a delicious dinner, that dinner should be forthcoming, even though a well-stocked larder were entirely depleted. It was the only concrete thing she could think of doing, though trivial enough considering the wrong she had done. Warren was a man of vigorous appetite as well as warm affections. Elita pictured him losing his displeasure with her under the delicious assailments of baked fish, browned potatoes, a salad cleverly constructed with snowy apples and grated walnuts topped with a yellow rose of mayonnaise. While she prepared the salad her spirits rose. She actually hummed a little song as she tucked around it the crisp lettuce leaves and set it away in the ice box.

The postman's ring sent through her a thrill of utterly unfounded expectation—Warren had been gone scarcely more than three hours. The postman handed her a greeting card. It was from an old friend wishing her a happy Easter! Easter! In the absorbing heart interests of the last few days she had forgotten! This omission of her memory cost Elita a sharp pang. Easter was the anniversary of Pearl's going. . . . She wondered if Warren would remember!

The telephone pealed a sharp call. She sprang to answer, praying that it might be Warren. Long distance! Elita's spirits rose to the heights where they were shaken with overmuch joy.

"Sorry, Elita," came his big, round voice. "Will be home to-night—late. Will explain. Wait up for me." Elita gloated over his wonted thoughtfulness in sparing her anxiety—it was the same old Warren.

The dinner! Elita's picture changed to the cozy living room with a late lunch spread on the little serving table. The dinner could be eaten next day—Easter! She hastened to the back door, and, sure enough, everywhere were lovely, tender upreachings of tree and shrub. The almonds, even with Easter coming so early, were showing pale pink promise of fruit. Narcissus and jonquils! Life! Life everywhere! The world, her world, making again its rich pledge of fruitage and flower!

Warren had asked her to wait up for him! She would have waited aeons! As she prepared for his coming, she exercised an almost worshipful care in arranging their living room. A cloud of pink almond blooms she massed above the fireplace; with a jocund company of daffodils she made a golden center on the heavy library table. The delicate narcissus she chose for his desk, because he loved it so much. She spread her exquisite cloth of drawn work on the little lunch table and drew it close to the hearth. This was done with almost the reverent care of

an altar's preparation. A crystal bowl of violets in the center gave a rich touch of royal welcome. Then a dozen eggs were colored for the morning.

Elita began to feel very tired. That day storms of emotion had shaken her, preparing dinner had been a loving, but arduous, task, and after all it had to be relegated to the ice box for to-morrow's serving. The sudden relief from worry concerning Warren's departure, her joy in knowing he would soon return, were contrasting experiences that had tired her beyond the possibility of a vigil. She wrapped herself in a lounging robe of velvet rose and sank into Warren's deeply restful arm chair before the grate. Soon she was soundly sleeping.

The tall fringed lamp close behind her chair threw over her a subdued radiance. Relaxation was apparent in every line of her lovely figure. Sleep had enhanced her beauty by bringing complete unconsciousness in which there were no assumptions, no artful simulations. Warren had often told her he loved the way she slept—like a rose leaf gently stirred by the breeze. Yes, Warren was a poet in his thought and feeling for her, if at no other time.

When Warren returned after midnight, the latch key did not rouse Elita. He stole in ever so softly, his arms filled. After he had emptied them, he stole out again to the car and returned, carrying in his arms a pot of superb St. Joseph's lilies. Thrifty spikes of green bore, each a snowy burden of perfect blooms. Without a sound he set the delicate Easter gift on the floor close to Elita's chair. The tremulous golden anthers were heavy with pollen, and prodigally spilling it over the rug and back into the white throats of each stainless flower. Warren stood off adoringly while he gazed. The clock pricked the silence with musical staccato. The beauty of the picture smote him like the chords from a harp. Elita's brown hair under the soft shower of light formed, in the eyes of Warren, at least, a halo about her drooping head.

The snowy lilies reaching up beside her chair, their faint perfume, the warmth, the light, the rose-clad figure—Could any angelic dispenser of dreams have resisted such an opportunity to bestow a vision?

Warren could forbear no longer. He came ever so softly to her chair, bent over and kissed her as she stirred softly.

"Elita," he said, as if eager to have done with the confession of a naughty schoolboy. It had always been so with Warren—always ready to assume that he was the offender. "I took the Strayling up to St. Leo's, intending to leave her, but no use. When I gave her to the matron, and turned to go, she screamed and held out

her arms—and I was done for. I've brought her back, dear girl!"

But Elita did not fully comprehend him. She seemed to be still under some spell woven by the subconscious mind.

"Oh, Warren," she breathed, without noticing his impetuous confession, "I have had such a wonderful dream. I seemd to be standing in a garden of lilies—just like these (she touched lightly one of the snowy petals and sent a shower of gold over her dress) and gradually they seemed to melt together into a white mist, and out of the mist slowly formed the image of Pearlle."

"I shall never see a more perfect likeness—true to her in every detail. Even the folds and creases in her dress—she wore that embroidered linen—were familiar. You know how I used to curl her hair and lay the curls across each shoulder? Well, her hair was arranged exactly as I used to do it. But, Warren, her eyes—there was a deep shadow in them. I knew, I understood what made it even before she spoke to me, and this was what she said: 'Mother, take her into your heart. Even here it grieves me that you do not love her.' She bent over and touched me ever so lightly—and then you spoke."

"Warren, I did not realize that I was depriving Pearlle of her full joy of heaven. I've been too selfish. And selfishness is all that ails this world."

Warren hastened to speak, though his voice was thick.

"No, no, not selfish. Only a mistaken sense of loyalty, darling."

He had never seen Elita so wonderful. There was on her face the same look of exaltation he had seen the day of their wedding. She led him into their room and together they knelt before the cedar chest. As Elita raised the lid it seemed to Warren a symbol of the opened tomb from which a new love was arising, glorified and immortal.

Elita took out the little tan play dress with the rabbits running one after the other and held it up. "Our child shall hunt Easter eggs in this to-morrow." Then she laid in Warren's arms the immaculate embroidered linen. "And this, one she shall wear to church!"

Easter Dawn

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

E aster Dawn with rosy fingers

A t the sepulchre still lingers,

S eeking Jesus Crucified.

'T is in vain a watch you're keeping,

E arly, whilst the guards were sleeping,

R ose the Savior glorified.

Our Lady of Guadalupe

LOUISE MALLOY

WHAT Lourdes is to France and Knock to Ireland, is Guadalupe to Mexico—the national shrine. The feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe is a national celebration. Annually on December 12, the date of the appearance of the Blessed Virgin, is observed the miracle of the "Marvellous Apparition," and from all over the country come throngs of pilgrims to the picturesque little hillside village, and all during the day crowds can be seen ascending the mountain slope to reach the rock on which stands the chapel containing the miraculous picture of the Holy Virgin. Men and women of rank and wealth mingle with native Indians and laboring peons in a common tribute of love and praise to the glorious Mother of God who had shown their country so signal a favor. The ill-fated Maximilian and Charlotta were among the pilgrims at the time of their brief reign, and showed their devotion to the shrine by washing the feet of the poor, according to an old religious custom. Even the regime of religious persecution now distracting unhappy Mexico could not prevent the national outpouring of Our Lady's pilgrims on the "Day of Guadalupe."

Like Lourdes and Knock, the Blessed Virgin chose for the place of her appearance a poor and obscure village, and for her minister, an humble peasant whose only claim to distinction above his fellows lay in his ardent devotion to his Holy Mother. Ten years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez on December 9, 1531, a young Indian convert named Juan Diego was walking to the village of Guadalupe near Mexico to receive instructions. On his way he had to pass a hill called Tepeyac on which had formerly been worshipped by the pagan Indians a goddess named Totantzin, the mother of the other gods and the patroness of fruits and fields. Juan, who had a tender love for the Blessed Virgin, never failed when passing this old pagan shrine, to say an Ave Maria or sing a hymn in honor of the Mother of God, as a special tribute to her. On this particular day he was surprised to hear sweet singing mingling with his own chant,

and while trying to find out its source, perceived on the top of the hill a light so full of brilliant colors that from the distance it resembled a lovely flower bed. The astounded young Indian fell on his knees awe-struck, when from this dazzling light he heard his own name, but so sweetly called that he arose, summoning courage to climb the hill. Arrived at the top, he was dazzled by the sight of a lady of great beauty throned in rays of light, who bade him go to the Bishop and tell him she wished a church built on that spot in her honor. Impressed by the vision, and never doubting its reality, the young Indian hurried to fulfil the command, but could not get access to the Bishop. The next day the vision again appeared, and when Juan told of his failure, the lady said, commandingly, "Go back and announce that I, Mary, the Mother of God, send thee."

The Bishop of Mexico, who was John of Zumarraga, a holy and learned Franciscan, admitted Juan to his presence on his second visit, but, though impressed by the young man's earnestness and evident firm belief in his mission, was naturally inclined to doubt so extraordinary a tale, which, after all, might be merely an illusion or a vivid dream. Instead, however, of dis-

missing Juan abruptly, he said after thought, "What you have told me is so strange that I cannot believe it on your sole authority. You must bring me some proof that the Mother of God has indeed commissioned you to bring me this message."

The poor Indian could not understand why the Bishop would not believe him, but could only report his new failure to his heavenly visitor when next he saw her. She smiled comfortingly upon him and bade him gather her roses from the bleak rock in the wintry air, but unhesitatingly he obeyed and found a profusion of exquisite roses of which he brought a great cluster to the Virgin. She placed the flowers in his blanket or tilma, saying, "I will give the Bishop the proof he asks. Go back and show him these credentials." Full of joy that now



OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE

he could prove his word, Juan hastened to the Bishop, an extraordinary fragrance issuing from the blanket with which he had covered the roses. In the Bishop's presence he opened the blanket, and there to his amazement, instead of the flowers was a wonderful painting of the Blessed Virgin as she had appeared to him.

This miraculous happening dissipated the Bishop's doubts and he fell on his knees before the painting which he placed in his private chapel till a more fitting shrine could be prepared for it. The next morning he walked in procession with the clergy and the people to the spot, to which Juan guided them, of the Virgin's appearance. The fame of this wonderful event spread rapidly, and processions with Masses followed in quick succession to the spot so favored by the Mother of God herself. The Bishop, now thoroughly convinced, lost no time in fulfilling her commands, and a church was erected on the hill of Guadalupe to which multitudes soon flocked. In consequence of the increasing number of pilgrims coming to the shrine, the sanctuary erected had to be enlarged, and in place of the first church a cathedral was built which was consecrated in 1709. In addition to the cathedral are four chapels, of which the highest contains the original miraculous painting. In 1660, Cristobal de Aguirre built a hermitage on the summit of Tepeyac which was the foundation of this chapel. But it was not until 1747 that Our Lady of Guadalupe was formally declared patroness of the whole nation of Mexico.

The painting itself, a copy of which hangs over the altar in the Cathedral is painted on a coarse cloth, which material was woven by the Indians from a native plant for blankets and other domestic purposes. The picture is evidently painted on this rough surface without any sizing or other preparation, and can be seen on both sides as though the cloth had been rendered transparent. Also, it has puzzled artist experts in exhibiting characteristics of totally dissimilar kinds of painting, such as oil, water color, relief, and the gilding in the stars and in the rays of light about the figure is not applied by any known process, being apparently woven into the texture of the cloth. Besides, it has not shown any of the perishable qualities of the plant from which the blanket was made, as for more than three hundred and sixty years it has been unaffected by any atmospheric influences, including the air charged with saltpetre from the surrounding lakes and marshes which generally corrodes the hardest substances. Experiments have been made to test this supernatural preservation. A fine tilma, painted by a Mexican artist with a fac-simile of the miraculous picture and protected by a glass covering was placed in the neighboring chapel. In eight years

the fumes of the saltpetre had so discolored and disfigured it, that it had to be withdrawn from popular view.

Miguel Cabrera, the great Mexican painter, compared to Correggio and Murillo, wrote a short treatise in 1756 after the invitation of the abbot and council of the College of San Ildefonso to the best known painters of Mexico to examine the painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe and decide if it could be the work of human hands. Cabrera was one of these examiners, and in his book declared that "the Virgin is not painted in a manner artificial and human."

"At this day," wrote Archbishop Corrigan of New York in 1895, "you can hardly enter a shop in the City of Mexico without finding a lamp burning before a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe. You can hardly enter a church without seeing an altar erected in her honor. Indeed, the Provincial Council of Antequera or Oaxaca specially ordains that no church be built in the entire province without its special altar in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Every diocese in Mexico dedicates the 12th of every month to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and every year sends thousands of devout pilgrims to her shrine. When the patriot priest, Hidalgo, who is called the Washington of Mexico, began the fight for independence in 1810, his standard and his battle cry were "Our Lady of Guadalupe!" In one word, "the Virgin of Guadalupe has taken such hold on the Mexican people that to attempt to dislodge her from their affections would be to tear out their hearts by the roots."

The picture represents the Blessed Virgin with head slightly inclined and hands clasped. Her robe is of crimson with a mantle enveloping her from head to foot of blue besprinkled with stars of gold; her feet rest on a crescent moon and a winged cherub below the crescent supports the folds of the mantle and robe falling over her feet. The whole figure is surrounded with rays of shining gold.

When the formal coronation of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe took place on October 12, 1895, Archbishop Corrigan was among the twenty-two foreign prelates who joined in the ceremony with forty-three bishops of Mexico and fully fifty thousand pilgrims representing all classes in this imposing demonstration in honor of the Mother of God. The crown was lifted on a level with the head of the picture, in the solemn act of crowning the Queen of Heaven. This crown is considered the most magnificent specimen of its kind used for sacred purposes in the world. The diadem is formed of alternate festoons of diamond stars and golden roses, the whole surmounted by a globe representing Mexico and the Gulf of Mexico; above the representation of the country is the Mexican Eagle grasping the globe with one talon, while

the other holds aloft a cross of diamonds, through whose top passes a ring. The base of the crown is ornamented with twenty-two enamelled shields, typifying the bishoprics of Mexico, and above these is a row of golden angels rising from roses, bearing the arms of the six archbishoprics of the nation. The jewels flashing in these escutcheons are diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, and were contributed by the ladies of Mexico, many of these jewels being heirlooms. The value of the crown is estimated at \$25,000 dollars.

Archbishop Corrigan in his article pointed to the constant and uninterrupted tradition accepted by all classes from the time of Juan Diego to the present day, as proof of its authenticity. Twice has this tradition been subjected to official examination and been given the approval of the Holy See. Pope Benedict XIV, in 1754, and Pope Leo XIII, in 1894, granted a new Office and Mass in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and in the past two hundred and fifty years, nearly every Pope has granted special favors to the sanctuary at Guadalupe. Evidently, the present tide of religious hate and persecution has not dared to roll its devastating waves against the holy rock of Tepeyac.

This famous shrine resembles that of Lourdes also in having a well whose waters are regarded as possessing miraculous healing powers. Pilgrims from all over the country carry it in bottles to their homes for their sick. A chapel is erected over this well which is supposed to have sprung from the place where the Holy Virgin placed her foot on the ground in her appearance to the Indian convert.

There is a famous image of the Blessed Virgin, which tradition ascribes to St. Luke as the carver, in a convent in the Spanish city of Guadalupe, and which was for many years one of the most frequented shrines in Europe. Cortez had a special devotion to this shrine and hence carried the name with him in his conquest of Mexico. His first act on his return to Spain in 1538 was to make a pilgrimage to this convent. But this image is not to be confounded with the picture of the Miraculous Apparition of Mexico.

NOTE:—A recent dispatch to the press says that more than 100,000 persons, including many Indians, congregated at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe on the occasion of the national holiday annually dedicated to the Mother of God in commemoration of her appearance almost four centuries ago. For the second time in four hundred years this vast throng worshiped without clergy, since the priests of Mexico are in hiding from the persecution of Calles.

Cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice

By bestowing on them the Cross pro Ecclesia et Pontifice the Holy Father Pope Pius XI honors Mr. Philip

A. Schindler and Mr. Bernard Friedrich for their many years of charitable work in connection with the St. Raphael's Society and the Leo House.

Mr. Schindler has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Leo House for over twenty-five years. He first served on the Board as Secretary and then as Treasurer. The increased amount of good work done by the Leo House, its new location on Twenty-third street, and the imposing new modern fire proof building, were in a large sense made possible by the foresight and careful management of the institution's finances by Mr. Schindler. All those connected with the St. Raphael's Society and the Leo House know of the unselfish service Mr. Schindler has gladly given for so many years. It is the fervent wish of those people that he will continue to give his invaluable service.

Mr. Bernard Friedrich has been connected with the Leo House since February 1892. As representative of the institution, travelers and immigrants come under his immediate care. The immigrant can best testify to this gentleman's splendid character. The work he has done, the conscientious interest he has shown, at all times and under all circumstances, to the individual cases can only be appreciated by those who know the nature of his work.

The new Leo House on Twenty-third Street is a monument of Christian Charity. Here the immigrant or traveler is sheltered and cared for, his traveling and immigration difficulties are adjusted and in many cases temporary or permanent employment, if possible, is secured for him.

May the two gentlemen so highly honored by His Holiness Pope Pius XI soon see the day when the indebtedness of the institution is so materially decreased as to assure its continued existence in the future. This after all is the ardent wish of both Mr. Schindler and Mr. Friedrich and it is what they are working for.

All contributions should be sent to "The Leo House," 332 W. 23. St., New York City.

Our Frontispiece

We shall look in vain for a more beautiful commentary on the words of the Spouse in the Canticle of Canticles than this lovely masterpiece by Plockhorst. Behold the Child cradled on the knees of His happy Mother! His baby limbs are relaxed, His little breast rises and falls with rhythmic motion as He slumbers peacefully, unmindful of all around Him. Unmindful? No, mindful of all, for He is the Creator of the universe, the Lord Who rules the world, the Father Who with infinite care and wisdom directs each tiny being to its destined end. Oh, what a touching sermon does this sleeping Babe teach us poor, nervous, fretting, hustling mortals, who scarce have time to think of the loving eye that ceaselessly watches over us! What soothing peace would be ours did we but learn to cast all our care on Him to throw ourselves whole-heartedly into the doing of His will, and to make ourselves a little more worthy of His boundless love by an innocent life of childlike faith and trust! The mastery of this

(Continued on page 566)

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Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—A test with several thousand boys at school indicates the more successful boys to be those who have to work outside the school hours to support themselves.

—In the United States the average farm worker takes care of nearly thirty acres of crops. In France and Germany, one farm worker takes care of seven acres, in Russia only nine, in Japan only one and a half. With the exception of sugar, the United States is able to raise all the food it needs. The average workman in the United States has four horse power to help him.

—Too many teeth are pulled, according to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The editorial calls attention to the fact that many infected teeth could be treated and cured.

—'Fire Eagles' is the name applied to airplanes patrolling the national forests to detect forest fires. This use of airplanes is still very limited in scope and rather spectacular, but offers a very promising experiment.

—The modern Aladdin lamp is the vacuum tube, so familiar in the radio receiving sets. A new use has been added to the great number already recorded. A 'Weighmeter' will automatically record the thickness and weight of paper in the making. The same machine, modified to record the moisture content of the paper, receives the name of precision hygrometer. The instrument makes it possible to run by the mile with absolute uniformity sheets of paper, rubber, celluloid, oilcloth, roofing, and whatever else is rolled out in the process of manufacture. The invention was the painstaking elaboration of a simple effect noticed in radio reception. A sheet of paper held between the plates of a variable condenser produced a change in the vacuum bulb. Various thicknesses produced different effects. In the completed machine, the paper, as it travels, forms one of the condenser plates of a variable condenser, the slightest variation in thickness being recorded through the vacuum tube on suitable instruments.

—The speed for motor boats is now over 80 miles an hour. For automobiles, it is 207 miles an hour.

—A new bottle machine will make 5,400 bottles an hour.

—The development of radio for the future appears to lie in the further perfection of the vacuum tube. A new four-element tube, in the place of the present three-element tube, offers a great field of invention.

—The U. S. Bug Farm,—no, it is no joke. The Government raises dogs to support fleas, chickens to grow lice, cabbage to feed cabbage worms. Even the cockroach has a special little house. And why? To try the various liquids and powders for killing insects. Over ninety per cent of the preparations formerly on the market were fraudulent. The official name of the new government department is very sim-

ple,—Office of the Insecticide, Fungicide, and Caustic Poison Supervision in the new unit called the Food, Drug, and Insecticide Administration of the United States Department of Agriculture!

—Heat to make cold—is used in a new type of iceless refrigeration. The operation is as follows. A liquid is evaporated by heat from a large ball, and is allowed to condense in another. When it again evaporates, it takes back heat from the surrounding atmosphere, i. e., it makes its surrounding cold. The two balls are connected by a tube. The entire arrangement can be lifted by the ordinary person. In family use, the 'hot' ball is heated over a flame, and the 'cold' immersed in a pail of water, to condense the liquid. Then the 'cold' ball is placed in a refrigerator to make the box cold.

—Telephotography or the sending of pictures by telephone from New York to San Francisco or other cities is now a commercial success. Although newspapers use it quite freely, the business man has proved a better customer. Important letters, affidavits, signatures on checks, transmission of Chinese and Japanese characters, are some of the varied uses for the business man. Since the Chinese have no alphabet, but only characters, telephotography is the only method that will send a Chinese 'telegram.'

—A year to cool, and then it may not have been cooled slowly enough. A huge disk of optical glass 70 inches in diameter, at the Bureau of Standards, will soon be ready for final tests to see if it will serve for a large reflecting telescope mirror.

—Lime deposits may be prevented in water mains by adding carbon dioxide gas,—the same gas used in making soda water.

—Beethoven appears to be the popular composer with radio fans. Richard Wagner's Overture to 'Tannhauser' apparently leads as a favorite type of music. These opinions are based on replies to a questionnaire circulated among radio fans, who 'listened in' for the Edison hour of music that was broadcast by WRNY.

—The interference in radio reception from the number of broadcasting stations has created a difficult problem. The solution appears to lie in permits for a medium number of normal-power stations rather than in a few super-power stations, or in a multitude of midget-power stations.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Often the rising generation retires about the time the retiring generation rises.

—A great need in the automobile world is a new word for second-hand cars.

—Practice makes perfect—provided we practice what we preach.

—Among the causes of baldness so often discussed by scientists, this one is often passed over in silence—the absence of hair.

—Children are often the best aid to adult education.
 —Loud-speakers are now installed in certain theatres. In former times they were usually just behind us.

—An inventor is wanted to devise a switch for single-track minds.

—Some people, who approach the altar to wed, forget that the altar is the place for sacrifices.

—The living room at home is now often the part through which the family passes on its way from the car to the dining room.

—St. Thomas teaches that the memory of man has an infinite capacity—but what about the human tongue?

—Scientists say our next war will be with insects. Have they forgotten the cooties of the late war?

—In the above notes, the United States produces nearly everything it needs, and an exchange asks, does it produce leaders?

—If prices of tires advance, we may soon get a new car extra with each new set of tires.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—Aram J. Pothier, who had the distinction of having served seven terms as Governor of the State of Rhode Island, died of apoplexy on February 4. The last sacraments were administered by the pastor of Notre Dame des Victoires, Woonsocket. Bishop Hickey officiated at the funeral.

—Happy the mother that has given one priest to the service of God in the Church; manifold are the blessings to her who has given five. Rev. Heinrich Kein, S. J., the fifth son of the family to be ordained, recently celebrated his first Mass in St. Ignatius Church at Rome. The fortunate mother was received in audience by the Holy Father who congratulated her and thanked her in the name of the Church. Four of her sons are Jesuits.

—The Rev. Joseph Cataldo, S. J., the Indian missionary of Idaho who has just passed the seventy-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus, celebrated the jubilee Mass, singing in a voice that did not falter.

—The Carmelite Fathers have planned to build at San Antonio, Texas, a magnificent shrine church in honor of the Little Flower. The building will look across the boundary into unfortunate Mexico. It is the hope that the Little Flower may intercede for the restoration of peace in that unhappy land.

—Three priests and seven nuns, who were held in captivity at Swabue by Chinese Communists some months ago, were rescued at the request of Bishop Valtorta by Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, Commander-in-Chief of the English Royal Navy in China. The destroyer Seraph, which was sent to the rescue seems to have been a sufficient argument for the release of the prisoners. We have learned from private sources that Sir Tyrwhitt is an Anglican, but his wife and children are Catholics. A convert sister of his is a Benedictine nun in England. The distinguished Commander is said to be a very religious man.

—Rev. Albert Klaus, O. F. M., dean of the Catholic

mission of Lintsing, Shantung, China, appeals for help to feed the famine-stricken of the Lintsing district, which harbors more than 4,000,000 who are in absolute need.

Benedictine

—Rev. Placidus Houtmeyers, O. S. B., of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington, died on February 10 after a long illness. F. Placidus, who was born at the Hague, Holland, on Nov. 17, 1880, made his religious profession on July 11, 1908, and on the 14th of July, 1911, the priesthood was conferred upon him. After teaching seven years at St. Martin's College, he was sent out to do parochial work. Having volunteered his services to the Benedictines who were founding the Catholic University of Peking, he left for China in April, 1926. Not being of robust constitution, he was obliged to give up his position at the University as director of the students and professor of English and French. In September, 1927, he returned to America. A brother in Holland and another in Ireland are left to mourn his loss.

—Rev. Boniface Martin, O. S. B., of St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill., has departed for China to join the faculty at the University of Peking. The Benedictines have part of the administration of the University and the teaching of western cultural and scientific subjects.

—P. Desiderius Lenz, O. S. B., founder of the Beuron School of Art, died on Jan. 28 in the ninety-sixth year of his age. Born on March 12, 1832, Pater Desiderius, as he was familiarly called, was only in subdeacon's orders. He consecrated his life to God by the vows of religion on August 15, 1878, at the age of forty-six. One of the greatest monuments to the genius of the deceased is the decoration of the crypt in the Archabbey Church of Monte Cassino.

—Very Rev. Hugo Tell, O. S. B., now Vicar Forane of the Bahama Islands, succeeds Very Rev. Chrysostom Schreiner, O. S. B., whose death occurred in January.

—The Rt. Rev. Gregory Diamare, O. S. B., Archabbot of Monte Cassino, (297th in the line of successors to St. Benedict in the abbey founded by the saint himself in the year 529), and ordinary of the diocese in which the Archabbey stands, has been raised to the episcopal rank with the title of Bishop of Constance (Arabia). As Monte Cassino is an Archabbey *nullius* (diocesis), the archabbot is Ordinary of the diocese.

—In January of the present year the Abbey of Marienberg in Tirol, Italy, lost its venerable abbot, Rt. Rev. Leo M. Treuinfels, who was eighty years of age. Three priests of the abbey also passed away during the same month: Father Charles, eighty-seven; Father Vigilius, eighty-one; and Father Augustine, sixty-nine.

—Dom Udalrich Patscheider, O. S. B., who succeeds the lately-deceased Abbot Leo as Abbot of Marienberg, was born on April 30, 1874. At the age of twenty-one he was professed as a Benedictine and on Sept. 25, 1898, he was ordained to the priesthood.

—On his recent visit to the Bahama Islands Cardinal Hayes confirmed about 700. There are sixteen chapels on these missions, which are served by seven priests from St. John's Abbey in Minnesota.

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Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Fort Totten, North Dakota.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Post Office: Stephan, South Dakota. Send express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., Marty, South Dakota. Send express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

Holy Week at the Missions

Holy Week is always a time of much devotion for the Indian children and grown people. During Holy Thursday they flock to the mission chapels to pay the debt of gratitude and adoration which we all owe our Divine Master for His kindness in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. They are very simple and devout, and some of the old chiefs take the teachings of their Faith very deeply to heart, making speeches to their people, and exhorting them to be faithful in the service of the Great Chief. Some of them are great workers for their church, and are ready and willing to lend a hand in every project that goes forward.

They think very much of their "blackrobe," as they call the missionary, and also of the "lady blackrobe," as they typically designate the nuns. For they know that the word blackrobe is synonymous with kindness and love and disinterestedness. They see his earnest efforts in their behalf, although very often he has but very little himself; it does not take them long to understand the service that gives itself whole-heartedly, without hope of pay or reward on this side of Heaven.

Holy Saturday and Easter Morning

Good Friday finds the faithful Indian people intently following the Way of the Cross with the priest in the church. The story of Jesus Christ and His loving self-sacrifice strikes a strong note with them, admiring, as they do, all examples of heroism, stoicism and great deeds, which is the heritage of their ancestry. Humbly, devoutly, they follow Him up to Calvary, then see Him laid away in the quiet tomb, resting sweetly after the fearful tragedy of His execution has been consummated, there to sleep until the glorious Resurrection Morn.

On Holy Saturdays the confessional is besieged by young and old, all eager to prepare themselves for a renewal of His resurrection in their hearts. Outside, grim Winter is breaking, thaws have set in, bleak skies are slowly but surely turning to robin's-egg-blue, and while there is still a tiny chill in the air, the thermometer has taken a decided upward spring. Here and there a small, timid bird ventures to give voice to its anticipation of the lovely springtide on its belated way to the North, and black-eyed kiddies are whispering to each other, wondering if the Easter Bunny will come up that far to visit them.

Let us not Disappoint Them

Last year a number of kind people sent boxes of candy eggs and real ones, bunnies, chicks, and other Easter goodies to the missions, and thus saved the kiddies from disappointment. They have begun to look forward to this glorious feast as an occasion of special rejoicing, during which earthly cheer is dispensed along with the spiritual. Let us not forget these dear children.

As soon as you read this, do not forget to purchase a few candy eggs and a bunny or two, and send them off at once, so that they will reach the mission in time for Easter. If each reader sent only a quarter's worth, what a fine Easter the children would have! You may choose any of the three missions. The addresses appear at the beginning of the mission page. Send all to one mission, or a little to each, just as you like. The good sisters will see that the gifts are divided evenly.

On Easter morning, the little ones will receive their Lord, and afterwards, at the breakfast table, each one will find a small bag of the goodies presented by you, and what a happy breakfast it will be! Children have a right to be happy; if they must be careworn and unhappy when young, what will they be when old age and troubles and trials beset them? Ah, poor little scions of a neglected race, whom the missionaries are trying heroically to bring to a useful citizenship, how ought we not to love them, to pity them! How our hearts ought to go out to them! Our Good Master loved little children, because of their innocence—theirs



Mother's boy with ice cream cone—Marty.

is the Kingdom of Heaven, He said. Shall we not imitate Him, Who has given us so much—for even the poorest of our white people have more than most Indian families.

Father Ambrose states that in his parish there are only three families who have a house that can really be called a house. The rest have wigwams, log cabins, shacks patched up with old lumber and pieces of tin from the dump. These are seldom weather-tight; the rain comes in, the snow, the wind. No wonder they contract colds, and for lack of money for medicine, neglect them, thus resulting in the dread tuberculosis from which so many suffer.

Some Pictures

Red Feather and his sister, Silver Dawn, both in the twenties, live together in a canvas tent. Their parents are dead, and Red Feather is suffering from T. B. His sister does what she can for him, though that is pitifully little. All their earthly possessions consist of a tent, two wash tubs, which when overturned, must serve as chairs, a few utensils, a blanket or two to sleep on, and the clothes they wear. They move about from place to place. Red Feather tries to work a little in order to earn something, but he cannot do much. Often he is very ill and Father comes to hear his confession and give him Holy Communion. When the missionary comes, a clean towel is spread upon an up-turned grocery box, and on this Our Lord reposes between two burning blessed candles, while Red Feather makes his confession. Then he receives very devoutly; he knows he is not long for this world. When he is gone, his sister will be quite alone.

The Runaways

It is midnight; all is quite still in the long dormitory. All is dark, except for the single kerosene lamp which, turned low, burns all night at the extreme end of the room. All along the walls are rows of small white beds with snowy-white pillows and immaculately-kept blankets. The rows of black heads are motionless, held in the embrace of sweet slumber—all except one. Two black eyes are peeping above the blanket; earlier in the evening tears had fallen copiously, and even the pillow had been stained with them. They were induced by thoughts of home and mother. Home? A rude cabin of one room, thrown together of odds and ends of planks and two-by-fours, with a roof made of stray

pieces of tin. A dirt floor within, one window, dried grass pallets to sleep on, an old cracked stove picked up somewhere for a song, boxes and tubs to sit on. But home, for all that—containing father, mother, a small brother or two, and the new baby.

Black Eyes was thinking of them all, and oh! how she longed for home and the dear ones! Even the nice white beds of the mission, the warm room, the good food, the kind sisters—even those could not compare with that magic word—home! If she could only see them for a few minutes, she would be quite content to come back again to school. The more Black Eyes thought, the more alluring the prospect became. Home! She must see father and mother and the baby! She must! Only just for a few minutes!

Creeping softly out of bed, she took a good look at Sister Guardian's curtained bed at the end of the long line of smaller ones. But all was quiet there; Sister was evidently sound asleep. Slipping over to her older sister, who slept on the other side of the room, she gently shook her; "Come out into the hall; I must speak to you." No sooner said than done. "Susie, I want to go home; please! You and Ida take me! Please, I must! I will come back again with you. We can run home, see mamma and papa, and then be back again in bed before Sister wakes up." Tears; entreaties; arguments. No use. Susie wakes Ida. Together they dress, silently slip down the hall, down the stairs, wrapped in shawls and sweaters.

Snow is on the ground, but thawing—and mud, lots of it, in between. They softly unlock the door, close it, and start off on the run. They run, and run, and run, until they are quite out of breath. Then they walk; the wind is cold and searching; the mud is deep; it is wet; soaking through their shoes and stockings. But on, on they trudge. One hour passes; the way is longer than they bargained for, and they are getting tired. Black Eyes whimpers with the cold, but no, she will not turn back. "We are nearly there," she encourages. Suddenly they hear a sound; a motor. "Someone is coming after us; they have discovered our absence. Lie down flat on the ground!" commands Susie. They do so. Down in the mud and snow and cold. Flat on their stomachs. Father whizzes by in his car, looking from side to side for three runaways.

They walk again after the car has passed; walk and walk and walk; will it never end? They are becoming weary now, and exhausted. Dawn is approaching; the wind is colder now. Black Eyes falls, unable to go another step. Susie and Ida try to carry her; it is hard work. Where is home? Will it never come to view? But father and mother have moved, and the three sisters do not know it. Morning comes, and the three weary wayfarers look in vain for the poor cabin. It is nowhere to be seen. Only the bare plain—bleak, snow-covered, mud-steeped. They look at each other, chilled to the bone, hungry, ready to lie down and give up.

"Let's go back," says Susie. They rest a moment on a rock, and then start to retrace their steps. Father looked for them for three hours, and not finding them, returned. Sister Joanna remained up for the rest of the night, unable to sleep. She stood by the window, praying and worrying, but the morning sun brought no return of the runaways, so the regular routine went on as usual. At half past ten the door suddenly opened, and three dead-tired, weary, sorrowful youngsters fell rather than walked in.

Sister Superior said not a word of reproof, only had them bundled upstairs, (Continued on page 572)



Temporary headquarters with the lady of the house in the foreground—near Immaculate Conception Mission.

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MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: A picture of The Last Supper adorns "The Grail Calendar" for April, and since the first week of April is Holy Week, the picture is very timely.

On Holy Thursday, which occurs on the 5th, we commemorate the institution of the Holy Eucharist. Good Friday is dear to us for it is the day observed in remembrance of Our Blessed Lord's sorrowful death on the cross.

Easter Sunday which falls on April 8, marks the close of the holy season of Lent. It is the feast of Christ's glorious resurrection.

Let us see what are some of the Bible verses from this page.

He who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death.

So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father who is in heaven.

Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you.

If you be reproached for the name of Christ, you shall be blessed.

He hath given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in thy ways.

Take care of a good name for this shall continue with thee, more than a thousand treasures precious and great.

The Day of Victory

By RACHEL COOPER SCHAUFFLER

Rise my soul and break your prison;
For the Christ, your Lord, is risen;
While His victories avail you
Death nor terror can assail you;
Rise with Him, and with Him risen,
Run to visit souls in prison;
Show them how your bonds were broken;
Lend them all your keys in token
That you fought your way from prison
By the help of Jesus risen.

Story of a Seed

A little seed lay in the ground
And soon began to sprout,
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then its fashion's old.

"The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the Canterbury bell—
I never cared for blues.

"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers beside:

The primrose only blooms at night
And peonies spread too wide."

And so it criticized each flower—
This supercilious seed—
Until it woke one summer hour
And found itself a weed.

Verses

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice. —Herbert.



"Father says we're going to have a new Sisters' school. Ain't you glad?"—Seven Dolors Mission.

The Stone of the Sepulcher

"How shall the stone be rolled away?
Thus questioned they, the women three,
Who at dim dawn went forth to see
The sealed and closely guarded cell
Where slept the Lord they loved so well.
First of all Easter sacrifice,
The linen and the burial spice,
They carried, as with anxious speech
They sadly questioned, each to each:
Still, as they near and nearer drew
The puzzle and the terror grew,
And none had word of cheer to say;
But lo, the stone was rolled away!

"How shall the stone be rolled away?"
So, like the Marys, question we,
As looking on we dimly see
Some mighty barrier raise its head
To bar the path we needs must tread.
Our little strength seems weakness made,
Our hearts are faint and none afraid;
Drooping we journey on alone.
We only mark the heavy stone,
We do not see the helping Love
Which moves before us as we move,
Which chides our faithless, vain dismay
And rolls for us the stone away.

"How shall the stone be rolled away?"
Ah, many a heart, with terrors pent,
Has breathed the question as it went,
With faltering feet and failing breath,
In the chill company of death,
Adown the narrow path and straight,
Which all must traverse soon or late,
And nearing thus the dreaded tomb,
Just in the thickest, deepest gloom,
Has heard the stir of angel wings,
Dear voices, sweetest welcomings,
And, as on that first Easter day,
Has found the dread stone rolled away!

—Susan Coolidge, From "Easter."

LETTER BOX

(All letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to AGNES BROWN HERING, Royal, Nebraska.)

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

"FIDELITY" BUTTON WINNERS

Clara Frenser (age 14), Summit Rd., R. F. D. No. 6, Box 127, Carthage, O.

Catherine Reilly (age 15), Seton Hospital, Riverdale, N. Y.

Rose Vene (age 15), 1287 Boscobel Ave., New York, N. Y.

Patricia A'Hearn (age 13), 107 Woodworth, Joliet, Ill.
Mary Beazley (age 16), 1574 Tremont St., Roxbury, Mass.

Genevieve Leddy (age 15), 2485 Elm Place, Fordham, New York, N. Y.

Rosella Jakoby, 921 Charles St., Louisville, Ky.

Lillian M. Treusch (age 15), 26 Nunda Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Mildred Leddy (age 12), 2485 Elm Place, Fordham, New York, N. Y.

Laura Barrer (age 17), 4919 Hirsch St., Chicago, Ill.

Florence Mooney (age 14), 205 S. 14th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Emelia Jakoby, 921 Charles St., Louisville, Ky.

Marie Riordan (age 16), 4409 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mildred Bowling, New Haven, Ky.

Esther Stangler, 1113 E. Monroe, Springfield, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

Elizabeth Cody (age 15), Seton Hospital, Riverdale, N. Y.

Helen Louise Conkling (age 11), 2047 Alta Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Florence Grothaus (age 16), Box 94, Dyer, Ind.

Rosemary Redeker (age 11), 2207 Chapline St., Wheeling, W. Va.

Birdie Johnson (age 15), Box 45, Lucca, N. Dak.

Clara McGrath (age 16), 1113 E. Monroe, Springfield, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This is my first letter to the corner and I wish to be admitted. I am fourteen years old and I am going to St. Charles School, Carthage, Ohio. I am in the Eighth Grade.

I read the children's corner every month and it is interesting. I hope my letter will be printed.

Yours truly, Clara Frenser, Box 127, R. F. D. No. 6, Summit Rd., Carthage Ohio.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I saw my name in "The Grail" and I was very much pleased. Another girl here is interested in the Cornerites and she is writing to you too. You will probably receive her letter the same time as mine.

We would like to write to a girl about our own age who lives in a place where we have never been. You see we have plenty of time to write nice long letters.

I'm hoping to leave here soon and if I do I'll notify you of my change of address. I'm sure I won't lose my interest in the Cornerites wherever I may be.

Hoping to win a Fidelity Button soon, I am, Your niece, Catherine Reilly, Seton Hospital, Riverdale, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes

I just had to write and thank you for my button. I was awfully blue that morning and when I saw my button—oh! You know that little poem

"Remember do, if Monday is blue,
There's always the end of the week"

A girl has already written me a very sweet letter and I hope to correspond with her always. She is Marie Tumminello of New Orleans.

Aunt Agnes, as this little corner has brought me one friend I hope that I will have many more from the ages of 12 to 17. I'm in between that and it seems to be an awkward age. The older girls don't want you and neither do the younger ones and we girls of fifteen are left out in the cold. I hope someone will take pity on me and I hope I may write again. May I?

A new Cornerite, Rose Vene, 1287 Boscobel Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you since my first letter. I won a "Fidelity Button" for my first letter but, Alas!—I lost it.—I was very very sorry when I went to take it off my dress that night and it wasn't there. I would dearly love to have one in its place.

I am making acquaintance with Catherine Kohlmann

through the "Grail." She surely seems to be a very nice girl. We are very much the same age with a difference of one day. Is that not strange? I would also like other cornerites to write to me. I assure them I will answer all and any letters. Wishing loads of luck to the corner, I remain, Patricia A'Hearn, 107 Woodworth, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

In its rapid fashion, summer has sped by. Vacation days are over and the school term has begun again. But the recollection of my trip last summer will remain, I am sure, although I be studiously engrossed in the mysteries of Virgil's Aeneid or Chaucer's Tales.

On July tenth we left San Francisco, bound for Glacier and Yellowstone National Parks. With a month at our disposal and no schedule to maintain, except to reach a comfortable hotel every evening, we started off. And many were our experiences.

Our northerly trip was varied in its scenic effects. Shortly after leaving our fair city, we entered the redwood forest. We drove through woods, overgrown with tree ferns, above which towered the stately Sequoias. And, at intervals, between the trees, could be seen the Pacific Ocean, gleaming in the sun. Then, entering Oregon, we noticed a change in vegetation. The trees were smaller, but there was more verdure. Eastward, through Washington, the road passed between rich fields of wheat. We have entered the "Bread Basket of the World."

We remained, for a few days at Spokane, Washington. The city is unique in having a waterfall in the center of its business district. From thence, we drove up Mount Spokane and also visited Liberty Lake. After five o'clock Mass at the Jesuit Church on Sunday, July seventeenth, we left Washington and drove across Idaho's beautiful Coeur d'Alene country. Then we entered Montana and the Rocky Mountains.

The vistas of Glacier National Park are singularly hidden from view until one has entered the confines of the Park. Entering from the west entrance, we first visited Lake McDonald, the largest lake in the Park. From the lake we took a side trip to Sperry Glacier, which made a deep impression on all of us.

We rode horseback through a forest for seven miles, climbing steadily. Then, reaching the snow line, we dismounted and proceeded afoot, but not before we had been tied together with a rope, to prevent our slipping in the steep snow slides, and on the rocks. Finally, after much exertion and several falls, we reached an altitude of over seven thousand feet above sea level and were able to see the Sperry Glacier and many peaks of the Rockies. The descent was easier, as we slid down in the soft snow; but the trip was a thrilling experience.

On the day after our Sperry Glacier excursion, we left for the eastern side of the Park. The scenery is not so grandly massive but Nature has been more attentive to detail. Lake McDermot, Two Medicine Lake, and St. Mary's Lake are smaller than Lake McDonald. But their settings are befitting them. Stately peaks tower above them, and gird them about.

Eventually, we left the Glacier Park and turned southward. We visited the cities of Helena and Butte, and, then, entered Wyoming. Almost immediately, we were in the Yellowstone. The trip about this Park has been systematized so that, remaining over night at Old Faithful Inn, where one witnesses the action of the Old Faithful geyser, one may reach the Lake Hotel for luncheon next day. This hotel is on the Yellowstone Lake, considered the highest Lake above sea level, which is navigable. On the second evening, one reaches the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. It is a deep, narrow canyon, which is quite highly colored, and forms the setting for the Yellowstone Falls. The ascent of Mount Washburn affords a view of the surrounding

country. There are also other waterfalls, and geysers, springs and boiling mud holes.

We left the Park by the southwestern entrance, and went through the Teton Mountains. Then, we drove southward and westward through Idaho and Utah, stopping for a few days at Salt Lake City, where we visited the Mormon tabernacle, Saltair, and the Academy of St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch. We then crossed the salt beds and the Great American Desert of Nevada, anxious to reach California. San Francisco's cooling fog welcomed us home on August sixth. We spent the remainder of our school vacation, until the twenty-second of August, in the enjoyment of our own city's advantages.

With sincere best wishes for the continued success of the Corner, I am, Very sincerely, Catherine A. Musante, 1821 Jones St., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Since a correspondent of mine in America has been so kind as to send me a copy of the "Grail," I have decided to write in the hopes of obtaining some more correspondents.

I am fifteen years of age, and attend Bethlehem College, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Next year will be my final year at school, and if I am fortunate, I will, in 1929, enter the University of Sydney.

I was born in the country, and it is only within the last three years that I have been in the city, but I prefer the country to the city.

At present (Dec. 25, 1927) in Australia we are having distressingly hot weather, although it has not been quite so hot as it usually is in summer here.

I am very fond of sports of all kinds, particularly tennis, of music, and also of reading.

I would be very pleased indeed if some "Cornerites" about my own age would write me, and I promise prompt replies, and I can also give a good idea of the life in Australia, both city and country.

Well, dear Aunt Agnes, I think I have written quite enough for this time, and wishing the Grail and the "Corner" every success, I am, Your niece from Overseas, Louie Hanscombe, 8 Tincombe St., Canterbury, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I just picked up the Grail and the first thing I noticed was the letters for the Corner from girls and boys. I would like very much to be admitted to the "Corner." This is my first letter and I hope it will be a success. I attend St. Francis Academy, in Council Bluffs, Ia., and am in my first year high. I would like to have some of the "Cornerites" write to me. I surely would answer right away. My address here is: 1706 4th Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Hoping to be received into the "Corner," I remain, Helen O'Keefe.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

We have taken the Grail for some time and I have been reading the Corner every month. I am eleven years of age and in the sixth grade at St. Benedict's, taught by the sisters of St. Benedict.

I sincerely hope this letter misses Mr. Wastebasket. I would love for boys and girls of any age to please write to me, for I will promise a prompt reply. I remain your new niece, Dorthy Bramble, 2728 Walnut St., Evansville, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes;

We have been getting the Grail for about one year. I like best of all, to read in the Grail, The Children's Corner (or the letter box).

I am writing because I just got through reading the letter box.

I am nine years old, and I am in the fourth grade in

St. Columbanus school. My teacher is very nice. We had a spelling and an arithmetic contest, and the girls won them both.

Our school is very large, as we have two rooms to every grade.

Our church has 1,800 seats, and we have masses every hour on Sundays and the church is always so packed, that if anyone is a little late, they cannot find a seat. My Sodality receives on the third Sunday of every month. We also go on the first Friday, and we have so many going that on Sundays two priests give communion.

I am the oldest of five girls in our family.—This is my second letter to the corner and I hope that I win a Fidelity Pin this time.

I write to two girls, whose names were in the corner some time ago.—I would like to hear from some more cornerites, and I will surely answer them.

I lost the name of one girl that wrote to me, and I wish she would write to me again, and I will take care not to lose it any more.

I must close now, and I want to wish lots of good luck to the Corner.—Your loving niece, Dorothy L. Wember, 6837 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Christ on Mount of Olives

In the Garden see our Savior,
Lonely, sorrowful, distressed,
By the sins of men afflicted
By the wrongs of earth oppressed;
See Him in His desolation—
All His passion just begun—
"Father," prays He, in His anguish,
"Not My Will, but Thine be done."

Jesus, Who for us hast suffered,
Make our hearts for love of Thee,
Patient, when they feel abandoned
In our Life's Gethsemani;
Strengthen them in time of conflict,
By Thy Grace by vic'try won;
May our lips Thy Words re-echo:
"Not my will, but Thine be done."

Exchange Smiles

Prizes were given out the last day of school. When Jimmie came home, company was there. "Did you get a prize, my boy?" he was asked.

"No, sir, but I got a horrible mention."

A teacher instructed her pupils to bring in certificates of birth.

At the specified time all of the pupils complied with the request except one little boy, who remained in his seat, weeping.

"Why, Antonio," said the teacher, sympathetically, "what is the matter with you?"

Antonio's tears fell faster. "I've forgotten my excuse for being born!" he wept.

"Any abnormal children in your class?" inquired the inspector.

"Yes," replied the harassed looking schoolmarm, "two of them have good manners."

Professor (to friend)—"See you got a scholarship at the Conservatorium the other day. Where did you get your talent for music?"

Friend—"Don't know, except that I was born in a flat."

"How you do stutter, my poor lad! Did you ever go to a stammering school?"

"No-no-no, Sir. I dud-dud-do this naturally."

Our Frontispiece

(Continued from page 558)

important lesson is what makes the Saints such care-free, happy children, having the whole world as a garden in which to play hide-and-seek with God, and finding Him at every turn in the road and under every flower.—P. K.

Spring Fever not a Disease

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

The inherent virtue of spring tonics is just about as mythical as the supposed disastrous effects of that seasonal disease known as spring fever.

The first robin, the first warm zephyr, and the first 'pep-up' tonic advertisement is here to let the wide world know that spring has come, and most of us will experience a feeling of languor as a new warmth fills the air. This let-down and this intense no-desire for work that overcomes us is called spring fever.

At one time spring fever was looked upon as a disease. As a matter of fact, spring fever is not a disease but only a popular name for a common and not altogether unpleasant experience that floats in on us about this time each year.

A notion has come down through the years that this spring fever feeling could be offset only by the use of a tonic. Thus, true to tradition, scores of mothers this minute are seriously contemplating the mixture of sulphur and molasses, sassafras tea, 'yarb tea,' dandelion tea, or one or another of the old, homemade stand-bys to feed the scores of reluctant boys and girls in large doses as a spring tonic.

Hundreds of other mothers, well-intentioned but misinformed, who look with contempt upon such old-fashioned homemade tonics, are preparing to visit a store to procure a bottle of some proprietary tonic about which they have heard, or which they have seen advertised, to force down the throats of the unsuspecting children. The array of spring tonics displayed at this season of the year is marvelous to behold and these well-meaning parents who know nothing about the contents of these well-advertised spring tonics believe that they are taking a very necessary precaution and safe-guarding the health of their children during these months of spring. Those who mix unsavory doses of sulphur and molasses tell the grimacing youngster that grandmother used to do that for mother every spring and what was good for mother must be good for them.

What we all need in the spring is not spring tonics ladled out in a spoon from sticky jars and poured out of bottles as nauseating mixtures. What we need is fresh, clean food and fruit, plenty of fresh air and sleep, more outdoor exercise. The call to the out-of-doors is a real call and a true call and the wisest mother is the one who knows that it should not be denied. Dosing with homemade mixtures or with commercial remedies often will do little more than upset the stomach and make spring for the small boy a time to be dreaded when it should be rather a period to enjoy.

Abbey and Seminary

—We were glad to welcome in our midst on Feb. 21 and 22 the Rt. Rev. Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., S. T. D., of St. John's Abbey, who was returning from a visitation of the missions on the Bahama Islands, which are under the jurisdiction of St. John's Abbey.

—Washington's birthday fell on Ash Wednesday this year. The distribution of the blessed ashes before Conventual Mass with the "remember, man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return" did not make the holiday less enjoyable for young America. Father Abbot, who performed the ceremony of the blessing of the ashes, assisted at the Mass from the throne.

—Sister Elizabeth, O. S. B., a Benedictine nun of the ancient Abbey of St. Walburg at Eichstaett, Germany, dating back to 870, called at our Abbey late in February. Sister Elizabeth is in the United States to collect alms with which to make necessary repairs on St. Walburg's Abbey and keep it from falling to ruin. Many other religious houses in Europe are threatened with destruction for lack of repairs, unless they receive timely aid. The late war not only deprived these religious of their modest incomes but in many cases burdened them also with enormous debts. Their treasuries are depleted and the religious are perishing for want of proper nourishment, sufficient clothing, and necessary fuel. Although conditions have improved somewhat, dire need still prevails. Alms will be welcomed.

—Rev. Joseph Steiger, class of '14, who is pastor at Earling in Western Iowa, paid us a welcome visit early in March.

—Brother Rembert Ringler, O. S. B., an experienced carpenter has come to our community from Beuron to fill the vacancy made by the death of Bro. Joseph, who was recently called to his reward after many years of faithful service in the Abbey workshop.

—New honors have come from Rome for the beloved Ordinary of the Diocese of Indianapolis, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., who finished his course in theology with the class of '91 in our Seminary. The Holy Father has appointed him Assistant to the Pontifical Throne with the rank of Count. This new dignity has been merited by our Bishop because of "his great apostolic and constructive labors in promoting devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and fostering Catholic higher education." While we congratulate our distinguished alumnus and rejoice that this appointment has come to him, we regret to learn that he has been confined to the hospital for some time as the result of an accident to one of his eyes in January. God grant him a speedy recovery.

—A short program by the seminarians on the afternoon of March 16th reminded us that it was "St. Patrick's Day—in the morning," the feast of Ireland's glorious patron saint.

—March 18, "Laetare Sunday," the fourth Sunday of Lent, was a memorable day in the history of St. Benedict's parish at Evansville. On that day the beautiful new church, basilica in style, built of brick, with an actual seating capacity of 1,000 was solemnly dedicated to the service of God. Father Abbot performed the

ceremonies of dedication, which began promptly at ten o'clock, and was also celebrant of the Pontifical Mass that followed. Father Dominic preached an eloquent sermon. A well-trained choir under the direction of Father Vincent furnished the chant. The secular clergy of the neighborhood were well represented. A large concourse of people attended the solemn and impressive ceremonies. Not only were the pews all taken, but even the aisles were filled with chairs to accommodate the throng. A very attractive marble altar with canopy, surmounted by a replica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre in white marble, graces the sanctuary. On Saturday preceding the dedication (St. Patrick's Day) Father Abbot consecrated the altar, which had been imported from Italy. Immediately thereafter Father Martin, O. S. B., pastor of St. Benedict's since its organization in 1914 offered the first Mass in the new church. Only a few years ago a small congregation gathered in the chapel of the Poor Clares Monastery for the Sunday Mass. Then a fine large school was erected with an auditorium large enough for church purposes. But church and school had become too small, which necessitated the building of a church. In July of last summer the cornerstone was laid. This noble edifice now bears testimony to the faith and loyalty of the congregation and the zeal of its pastor and assistants. At the banquet that followed in the Reitz Memorial Catholic High School near by Mr. John Nolan was toastmaster. Among those who replied to the toasts proposed were Mr. Albert J. Veneman and Father Abbot.

—March 21, the feast of St. Benedict, is always a day of rejoicing for the sons of the holy Patriarch of Western Monasticism. The principal service in the Abbey Church on that day was the celebration of Pontifical High Mass by the Rt. Rev. Abbot. The beautiful song of the chancel choir was elevating, ennobling, and lent a charm all its own to the solemnity. It was our pleasure to have with us on the occasion one who is well and favorably known by his frequent contributions to the Catholic press, Rev. Albert Muntz, S. J., professor at St. Louis University. Father Muntz preached the festive sermon. He has long been a good friend of ours, but this was the first time he had been at the Abbey. We are indebted to Father Muntz for many favors in the past years. It was due to a suggestion from him that we adopted the name of THE GRAIL for our magazine.

—James Maher, a student of St. Meinrad College in the '70's, died late in February lamented by a large circle of friends. Since 1913 Mr. Maher had been in the employ of the *Catholic Telegraph* at Cincinnati. At the time of his death he was business manager. The deceased was a native of Terre Haute. His name appeared for the last time on the college register for the year '76-'77.

—Another alumnus of the '70's, Michael Seidl, of St. Henry, Ind., has also been called to his reward.

—In the year '09-'10 there was a student in our college from Illinois named Benedict Mazurek. On Feb. 28, 1928, Rev. Benedict Mazurek, pastor of Holy Trinity Church (Slovak), Racine, Wis., (but affiliated

to the Archdiocese of Chicago), died from a stroke of apoplexy, which came upon him at the grave of a fellow priest whose burial he was attending. We commend the repose of the soul Father Mazurek to the prayers of our readers.

Book Notices

From Benziger Brothers:

The Patriots, by Joseph Canon Guinan, (net, \$2.50,) is an historical novel dealing with the stirring times of the Irish uprising in 1916 and after. The background, characters and events are well given and the book will appeal to all interested in Irish independence. However, with such excellent material at hand the author could have written a better story. He has failed to bring absorbing story interest into his narrative. H. D.

In *That Second Year* (At Holy Cross) Andy Carroll still carries on, and his wholesome influence forms the background for a strong study of the psychology of the genus "college boy." Unless they have big hearts, it would be better for prefects not to read this story. (By Irving T. McDonald; net, \$1.25.) A. B.

Ted Bascomb in the Cow Country (by Rev. H. J. Heagney; net, \$1.25) is the story of an eastern boy on a visit to his uncle in Oklahoma. The tale, which is full of adventure, will be the delight of a boy. A. B.

Treasury Tax Free Bonds (by Geo. P. Brett, the Macmillan Co., New York) is, as the title indicates, a treatise on bonds that are tax free.

From the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., we have received two publications: *The Seal of the Spirit and Offeramus*, a revised edition. The former, which is Series II, No. 4, of the "Popular Liturgical Library," contains the Rite of Confirmation newly translated by Richard Edward Power, priest of the Diocese of Springfield, Mass. 5¢ each; discount in lots. "The Seal of the Spirit" will be found very practical for the pastor and the faithful at the time of the administration of this most important sacrament.—"Offeramus," a Mass Manual, by Dom Cuthbert Goeb, O. S. B., is a completely revised edition of this popular manual, which has passed through six editions in fifteen months. In the introduction the author gives practical instruction on how to assist at Mass. Then follows an explanation of the two parts of the Mass: the Missa Catechumenorum (mass of the catechumens) and the Missa Fidelium (Mass of the faithful). To this are added prayers of Thanksgiving after Holy Communion. May this useful booklet make many friends. (15¢; discount in lots.) A. B.

From the Queen's Work Press (3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis) we have received three pamphlets: (1) Catholic Instruction League *Examination of Conscience for Boys and Girls*, (by A. J. Wilwerding, S. J., price 3¢), which is a very practical manner of helping children to examine their conscience; (2) *Shall my Daughter be a Nun?* (by Daniel A. Lord, S. J.; price 10¢; 50 copies, \$4.00) Parents who are opposing a religious vocation should read this leaflet and then examine whether they can still resist the grace of God; (3) Father Lord has also written *My Friend the Pastor* (price, 10¢; 50 copies, \$4.00) In a very entertaining manner the author tells the priest-shy man what a pastor is. It should find a wide circulation among such as avoid the priest. It will accomplish much good. A. B.

The XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress (compiled by Rev. C. F. Donovan; price \$4.75—J. H. Meier, 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago, is donating his services to the distribution of this book) is a monumental work, showing forth in text and picture the great assembly of the faithful from all parts of the globe.

The volume will be of interest especially to such as had the good fortune to attend the Congress. Like the great Congress itself the gathering of the material for this book entailed enormous labor. The work of editing was entrusted to Mr. J. J. Breen, but because of illness he had to give it up. The compilation was then taken up by Father Donovan, editor of the *New World*, who pushed it to completion. This may account for the omission of several minor details that would probably have been included, had the compiler had charge of the work from the beginning. A. B.

Devotion to the Holy Angels (10¢) and *Spiritual Booklet—the Happiness of Religious Life* (10¢) "with ecclesiastical approbation," but not the *imprimatur*, come from Good Booklets Co., 1645 Cortez St., Los Angeles. The former contains Litanies of the Holy Angels, Guardian Angels, and Archangels, besides prayers to the Angels. The object of the second booklet is to increase vocations to the cloister. A. B.

From the Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston:

The Southern Cross, by Leland Wellington Brignall (net, \$1.25), is an entertaining little story that will exert a wholesome influence. A. B.

Jesus the Patriot, by Frank B. Cowgill, (net, \$1.25) is a story that attempts to picture the Savior as He appeared to His fellow citizens. Whether this manner of treating the Life of Our Lord will be beneficial is open to grave doubt. The author tries to be faithful to the Gospel narrative. The book cannot be recommended to Catholics. A. B.

Christianity and Militarism, by Herald T. Haller, (net, \$1.00), is a book in which the author of socialistic ideas raves in uncouth language about war. While many of his assertions are correct, he does not avoid repeating slanders and assertions for which there is no proof. Such writings will not stop war. A. B.

A Vampire and Other Stories, by Lavinia Leitch, (net, \$2.00), is a volume of ten short stories which at first glance may seem to be without interest as they treat about everyday people in everyday situations. Yet the reader will enjoy them—and learn from them. The character analyses are vastly discriminative. A. B.

In *The Seer of Pethor* Robert D. Brodie gives us in verse an interesting autobiography of the Prophet Balaam, wherein this old seer gives us the key to the real significance of life and its secret of success in the words,

"The door of service opens oft; who enters joins in work with God,

Happy their lot who faithful are, on them shall never fall the rod." P. K.

The Quarterly List, Vol. 1, No. 1, by Adolph E. Hrdlicka, O. S. B., is the first attempt to prepare a Catholic book list for Catholic libraries and book collectors. The subscription price for the first volume is \$1.00. Published by L. F. Happel, Drawer B. Elmhurst, Ill.

We are in receipt also of a *Catalogue of Novels and Tales by Catholic Writers*, edited by Stephen J. Brown, S. J., Hon. Librarian of the Central Catholic Library Association, Dublin (18 Hawkins St.), Second Edition, Revised. An American edition of this Catalogue is soon to appear, we understand.

Longmans, Green & Co., (55 Fifth Ave., New York), announces *The White Harvest*, a symposium of convert making, edited by Rev. John A. O'Brien. The purpose of the volume, for which the Bishop of Oklahoma, Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelly, has written the Preface, is to suggest effective methods of presenting truths to non-Catholics in such a way as to win their allegiance to the Church.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER XXII

CONVALESCENCE

FOR days the household was hushed, silent, uncertain as to the intentions of the Grim Visitant who held his fingers with no uncertain pressure upon the heart and lips of the patient. He lay there in mute agony, looking appealingly up into the eyes of Maud, his nurse, yet unable to clearly articulate, his words only a meaningless jumble. It had been a mercy that the power of speech had been accorded him long enough to receive the Sacrament of Penance. After that, his tongue seemed to swell up, and it was extremely difficult to understand his wishes.

Often Maud wept, after she had tried in vain to interpret his pitiful efforts at speech, and he had turned away with a sigh, unable to make himself understood. No one knew but she, the awful dread which dwelt in her heart through the long days and fearful night, when, alone with her patient, the slow hours were relentlessly ticked off by the lone alarm clock, the only one left to them out of the crash. How sad the world seemed as she sat nodding in her rocker beside Jasper's bed, and how utterly futile! She had plenty of time to meditate on the passing of earthly things, like thistle-down wafted on the breeze.

The sadness of her own life, in particular, came down upon her with unmerciful force; deserted as a baby, taken by an aunt who died in a few years, living with the mother whom she did not know, and whom she lost just when she discovered her identity, and now this—her best friend, her good, faithful foster father, hanging by a thread between life and death! Had ever girl such a checkered existence? How she loved Jasper! She felt that if this loved being were torn from her heart, life would be—but what was she saying? Was she forgetting her solemn betrothal to James? But ah, alas, even her love for James was overshadowed by this great, overwhelming sorrow and fear.

James, on his part, was as helpful and true and golden-hearted as ever young man could be. Every moment that she could spare at the sick bed was given with a tenderness and generosity that were a real comfort to Maud. He came every evening, bearing a hot supper from the delicatessen on his way from work,

and after eating it with her, he commanded her to lie down and get what rest she could, while he washed the dishes and tidied up the rooms as best he could, and then watched beside the sick man until eleven, when he usually left. He got Mrs. Bergen to come over during the day when she could spare the time from her busy boarding house, to relieve Maud a little, and he even had a phone installed, so that she might call him at any hour of the night, in case of need.

In his brain were busy plans; he knew that sooner or later there would be a change of some kind; if Jasper recovered, he could perhaps never work again—at least, not for a long time, and he would need Maud at home. That precluded Maud's going back to work, and someone had to keep up the little household. That was where he would come in. He had wanted to keep up the evening work on the books where Jasper left off, but Maud insisted so strongly that she would not have another man risking his health by overdoing, that he finally obeyed her, and carried the respective books back to their owners, advising them of the calamity that befell their faithful bookkeeper.

Each one of them had responded magnificently, forwarding several week's pay without expecting any return. His job would be open and waiting for him at any time he chose to resume, they sent word. But alas, Maud and James both had their misgivings. Even the doctor would not commit himself, although he did state that Jasper had a bare chance, being small but surprisingly rugged. How many fervent prayers rose to the Heavens during those trying weeks, God alone knew, and who shall say that they had not been the means of sustaining that faltering soul, poised as it was between Heaven and earth for instant flight, awaiting the Master's word.

But that good Master was not yet ready to receive his faithful servant; he had other work for him to do—work that he alone could do—he had yet to receive part of his reward on earth, the reward that accrued to him because of his fervent belief that life contained hidden gold even in its bitterest phases, did we only know how to extract it. Just as rich, hidden veins of the precious metal are hidden in the bowels of the earth, and often require the highest mining skill for their extraction, so his philosophy of life made him past master of the art of drawing good out of souls, and gradually winning them to sweetness and love.

Weeks passed, and the tired, overworked body, having had the quiet rest it had so long clamored for, un-

heeded by its hard taskmaster, now began slowly picking up the loose ends and unravelled threads it had been compelled to drop so suddenly on the night when Nature rebelled and collapsed. Little by little strength returned, and the doctor now began nodding his head with satisfaction at each visit, and Maud's wan cheeks began to be tinged again with something more of a lifelike color, for it might be said that she had hovered at the brink of the tomb, watching anxiously, eagerly, jealously, lest Death come like a thief in the night and steal away unawares the soul of him she loved so dearly.

Her heart became lighter with each succeeding day, and even though she too needed a long rest, her footstep became more buoyant as Jasper's powers returned slowly, one by one. One night as she lay on her cot across the room, where she now felt she might rest her tired bones after her many long night vigils, she was suddenly awakened around midnight by talking and movements of the patient. As she rose and slipped into her mules, Jasper suddenly cried out—"Cynthia! Cynthia!" and the words were clearer than he had ever spoken since his stroke. At the same time he tried to raise himself up on his elbow, but fell back again.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried, gently admonishing him, "You mustn't try to rise! You will injure yourself." When she came to his side, his eyes were wide open and clear.

"I saw her," he said, haltingly, his tongue still slightly heavy. Maud knelt beside him and took his hand, gently stroking it.

"Whom did you see, dear?"

"I had a dream. I saw her—your mother—she was—in a poor little room—and she was—thin and haggard—and dressed poorly—and weeping. She said—'I want my husband—and Maudie!'—and then I—called her—but she didn't—hear me—I awoke—hearing my own voice—" Maud's eyes were full of tears, but she strove to hide them, bending over and kissing him, and stroking his now totally white hair.

"You'd better sleep," he murmured, closing his unharmed hand upon hers.

"Yes, Daddy; you are going to get well now, and I am so happy. You must sleep too, so you get strong again." Then, glancing at the clock, she saw that it was time for his medicine, and gave it to him. Five minutes later he was sleeping quietly again.

"Oh dear God, I thank Thee for Thy goodness to me!" she breathed, as she dropped her weary frame once again upon the cot, and fell asleep almost immediately.

A month later the doctor told him he might rise and try his feet. But, alas, they buckled under him and refused to bear his weight. Maud looked on with fright in her eyes, but the doctor only smiled.

"It's all right," he said confidently. "He must try to use his feet a little each day; his strength and power to walk will return gradually." His speech was clearing daily too, and was almost normal again, though one could still detect a slight thickness about his pronunciation that told off his battle with the grim Visitor whom he had, happily, cheated of his prey. "A won-

derful constitution," said the physician to Maud, as he was leaving. "He is small, and there is not much to him, but what there is, is iron-bound. Another man would have been cut down like wheat." And Maud rejoiced that it was so. How could it be otherwise, she argued? He was a remarkable man in all things, and would be remarkable even in sickness and death.

And so the days went on, and Jasper gained, slowly, began to eat, and slept well, but alas, his legs, somehow, refused to support him. James had a wheel chair sent up, and in this Jasper cheerfully rode about from room to room, looking out the windows, watching the birds hopping about in the branches just outside, trying to peep through the foliage to the street beneath, his rosary nearly always in his hands.

One day he whispered a secret to Maud. "Maudie," he said, with a cheery smile, "do you know why I can't walk?" "No," she replied. "Well, I've offered my legs for Cynthia's return. Now you watch. She'll be here most any day. I wasn't sure whether the Lord would hear me or not; but when my legs kept on refusing to hold me, I knew that He had. I'm listening for every footstep now." And he rubbed his hands together in glad anticipation, while poor Maud did not know whether to smile or weep.

"Dear Daddy, it's like you to be making preposterous sacrifices, although I'm not sure but I'd gladly give a part of myself for my mother's return. But I wish you hadn't offered your legs; they are so necessary."

"Bah! I couldn't offer my hands, could I? I would have been fine and helpless then; but this way, I can sit, and in a few weeks I'll be ready to take back my home jobs again. Has James been to see my employers?" Maud put her arms about the sick man's neck.

"Daddy, you restless old thing! The very idea of you talking about taking back your jobs! You'll never take back another job as long as I'm here to prevent it!"

"But, Maudie," he protested, troubled, "how do you expect to get our debts paid off if we do not continue to do our utmost? How long have I been ill?" But Maud was in no mood to tell him.

"Now, Daddy, you're not to ask a lot of useless questions. Your job right now is to get as well and strong as possible. I'm anxious to show you off to the world. Hurry and get well, and the first day the doctor says you may go out, we are going to get a taxicab and celebrate with a ride out to the country." But Jasper threw up his hands.

"You extravagant child! You'll do no such thing! These hands were made to work, and work they shall, unto the last moment they are able to hold a pen. Not until those debts are paid will I be entirely happy or free-minded. You would not begrudge me my peace of mind, would you?"

"Daddy dear, just you stop worrying for the present; we will speak of all those things later, when you are perfectly well again. Just now—"

"Maudie, please; I would like to talk about it all now, and settle what we are going to do. It's no use putting off the issue; we must face it. I'm not made

of sugar; I'm not afraid to face the truth. If I'm not going to walk again, I must do the next best thing, and that is, continue to live a useful, occupied life. Even after the debts are paid, I intend always doing something; I must have some charity money; I must send little presents out to the missionaries if I cannot go about and visit my poor as I used to. No, Maudie, I am going to work until my last breath—" The door opened, and in walked James, panting and radiant, with his usual delicatessen package in the bend of his arm.

"Hurray, folks! How's everybody?" He raised his free hand and waved it, smiling and coming forward. "I'm bursting with news. I don't know whether to tell you now or wait until after supper. What say? Shall we wait?"

"No, no; tell us now. What is it? You've had a raise—?"

"Better than that, dears. I've never told you of the contest I entered into some months ago. It was open to all architects—drawing the plans for a \$100,000 memorial museum. The prize for the winner was—guess—\$20,000—and I've—won it!" Maud's eyes opened wide, and the next moment she was in Jim's arms, laughing and weeping at the same time.

"Oh my dear, dear, big, wonderful architect! I always knew you would do something remarkable!" As for Jasper, he had folded his hands and looked heavenward.

"Now, praised be God," he said reverently, "and a thousand thanks be to Him who gave you such talent, James. Maudie, did you ever see God outdone in generosity? Look, he has returned to you and James your nest egg—the money you gave out to buy Him a home, has come back to you. Yes, and more than that will come, mark my word!" They were silent with awe, feeling that God had indeed shown His goodness and generosity, and a silent prayer of thanks went up from each young, fervent heart.

"And now, Daddy," continued James, "I'm sure that you will feel with me that there is nothing more to keep Maud and me from having our wedding bells. Is there?" Jasper was for joyfully giving his consent, but Maud interposed.

"But, Jim, our debt is still unpaid—" Jim smiled mysteriously.

"Oh, yes; that's another piece of news. You haven't any more debt. So now; are you satisfied, little scrupulous?"

"Jim!" they both cried at once. "You haven't—"

"Yes, but I have. All effaced—washed clean—here's the receipt. Now; when shall it be? I figure this way, the sooner we get everything settled, the sooner our little Daddy here will pick up and get well. I propose buying a nice little bungalow out in Fairlawn, the new subdivision, or, better still, build one on our own plan. How does that strike you?"

"Oh, Jim! That will be wonderful! By all means let us draw our own plans. I know just exactly what I want. First of all, our little Daddy must have a bright, sunny room all for himself; and I must have a sun parlor with ferns and canaries, and a breakfast

nook, and a Gothic arch between the living and dining rooms, with bent-iron gates, like a church door, and a broad bay in the dining room with a window seat—"

"Whoa! Whoa!" cried Jasper happily. "If you keep on, you'll be describing a Roman palace. Wait a minute; I want to talk to Jim about paying off that last fifteen hundred. I can't say that I am sorry it's paid, but, boy, why did you do it? First Maud goes and shoots off her money to buy an orphanage, and I was sorry enough about that, then, when you come into something, you go and follow suit. What sort of a bunch is this anyway?" They all went off into a loud peal of laughter.

"Well, Daddy, when everybody around here was doing such magnificent things, I didn't want to be left out in the cold. It was my only chance to pay you back for all you did for me, and I grabbed it. Now just forget all your old troubles and be happy," replied James, putting his arm about Jasper's shoulder and patting it. "But there we're forgetting all about our supper. Come, folks, draw up to the table. I'll bet it's cold by this time."

Maud quickly put out plates and poured the tea, and if the supper was cold, nobody noticed it, so happy were they all about the wonderful good luck that had come to them after all their misfortunes. Hardly were the dishes cleared away, but there was much discussion and drawing of plans for the new bungalow, in which Jasper joined happily, quite as absorbed as they in the placing of rooms and windows and bays and sun parlors.

"My children," he said, as Jim was leaving, "let us bless God to-night. With Job we can say, 'The Lord gave, the Lord took away,' only, in our case, happily, it is the reverse. Good night, my son."

(To be continued)

Easter Day

Like Christmas, Easter Sunday is long looked forward to, especially by the kiddies. For the older folks the joyous thought is, that Lent begins in winter and ends in spring! How we hope for good weather on that day—not because we are going to "sport" new clothes and bonnets,—no; just for pure joy, because Easter stands for renewal, resurrection, new hope, reawakening. All Nature is rejoicing, (sometimes it isn't, and old Jack Frost spitefully puts on a snow storm, or something equally disgusting) but, as a rule, an April Easter finds the crocuses out and in bloom (sometimes peeping out of a belated snow storm), new grass blades pushing their way out of the treacherously soft mud of the lawn, and tree branches all broken out with small brown buds, which will need only a week or so to turn green. (Sometimes, too, brother or sister are all broken out with a suspicious red, which results in a measles sign on the door.)

But the egg hunt is the most thrilling of all on Easter morn. If the sun is in good working order, and doesn't forget that it is Spring, or nearly so, and doesn't remain in bed until noon, the backyard will be a glorious

place for little Kitty and Johnny. Here, behind a rose-bush, peeps a suspicious red color—"I have one!" she shouts. There, buried in old leaves, is something orange or green—"Here's one!" cries Johnny, and so on, until each little colored basket is filled. Perhaps Kitty will discover a white, pink-eyed Bunny in a basket out in the garage, and Johnny find another under the porch, nibbling at a cabbage leaf. What shouts and squeals of delight!

And the fresh breeze, soft and fragrant, comes out of the South, bearing sweet promise of lovely gardens to come, and on the bright air floats the sound of the happy church bells, proclaiming their glad Alleluias—"He is risen, rejoice!" and folks are hurrying by with their prayer books in hand, smiles on their lips, and happy greetings for everyone.

All the sadness and grief of Holy Week is over; the sorrowful Way of the Cross has been trod, our salvation completed, and now we feel we can be happy, for our glorious Master suffers no more, nor ever shall! First He greets His gentle, grief-stricken Mother and comforts her, as only he can; then the Magdalen—these two, above all others, merited seeing Him first.

And then He meets us—in Holy Communion. Holy Mother Church commands us to meet Him at least this once, but let us be more generous than that. Let us meet Him often—throughout the year. Let our lives be a quest for the Holy Grail—we have but to approach the altar rail with pure hearts to find it, and finding it, let us make it our own familiar Cup, in the bottom of which lies our eternal salvation.

Care of the Eyes

Take care of your eyes; you have only one pair, and you cannot go downtown and buy another when this set is worn out. When writing or sewing, always sit, if possible, so that the light falls over your left shoulder. The same is true of the sewing machine. If the light falls from the right, the machine will cast a shadow on your work. Never sew or read in twilight, or with too dim and far-away a light. Neither should the light be too glaring. Be sure your light is shaded so that your eyes are in shadow, but your work in the light. Never work by artificial light when it is possible to work by daylight. Some ladies leave their shades halfway down on dark days, and prefer lighting the electric light, lest the appearance of the room suffer.

Eyes are more important than the appearance of a house from inside or out. Daylight is easier on the eyes than artificial light. Reading while riding on a bus is also injurious, as it is a strain to read while the print is constantly being shaken. Street cars usually are more quiet in their motion, consequently, the strain is not so great.

When the eyes are tired, and hurt and smart, make a solution of warm water and boric acid, and bathe them. Still better, use an eyecup, and open and shut the eyelids under water. Sometimes, when they burn and are inflamed, relief is obtained by wetting a cloth in cold water, lying down, and laying the cloth across the eyes

for fifteen minutes, changing to the cool side as soon as it becomes warm.

Sometimes a lubricant is needed, besides the water treatment; in that case, a good eye oil should be dropped between the lids with a medicine dropper, and the eyeball moved around well. If the smarting and hurting continues after several days' treatment, an oculist should be consulted, as the patient probably needs glasses, or, if he has been wearing them, perhaps a change of lenses will bring relief.

Household Hints

Cover the old, shabby kitchen table with a new enamel top, purchasable at department stores at very low prices, and treat yourself to a joy.

Have the handy man screw two angle irons at the back of your washboard, to hold it up out of the suds and prevent splashing while rubbing.

Nine large eggs weigh about a pound.

Soak the fruit stain on the table cloth in cold water immediately after the meal; then hold over a cup or pot and pour boiling water on; if not all gone, wash in soap and soda. Do not leave fruit stains dry on.

Slice left-over boiled potatoes, pour over white sauce, and some grated cheese, and heat in oven ten or fifteen minutes.

Old outing flannel makes excellent polishing cloths for automobile or furniture.

Scented note paper is to-day considered very poor form.

If a plant thrives in a room, the temperature is right for your piano.

Recipes

When baking bread, save out part of the dough—2 cupfuls, add 1 beaten egg, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 6 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped figs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup nutmeats, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Combine ingredients, flouring the nuts and figs before adding. If necessary, add a little flour to make a soft dough. Place in greased pan, let rise until light, and bake 45 minutes. 400 degrees F. at first; then reduce to 360 degrees.

RAW POTATO DUMPLINGS: A tasty dumpling to go with the sauerkraut and pork: Peel and grate three or four large raw potatoes, add 1 tablespoon salt, and flour enough to make a very stiff dough. Shape into dumplings and drop into boiling water; let boil about fifteen minutes.

Don't throw away that $\frac{1}{4}$ head of cabbage, $\frac{1}{3}$ head of lettuce, that stray pepper or tomato, or the three or four celery stalks that nobody ate yesterday; cut them all up small, combine with dressing, and you have a fine salad.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 562)

ordered them given a hot bath, then, to bed, after a hot cup of chamomile tea, to take the chill out of them and prevent illness. They slept until four, and then came down, repentant, ashamed.

Timidly they approached Sister Superior. "Sister, please forgive us; we promise never, never to run

away again." Sister forgave them, thinking they had been sufficiently punished.

Beadwork Bureau

We have just received two beautiful new quilt tops, made of lovely harmonizing colors, many small pieces put together in a geometrical design, all made by hand with thousands of small neat stitches, which took infinite time and patience to complete. The price of each is \$5.00, and well worth it, considering the amount of work on them. Let us help the Indian women to make a living. Other beadwork pieces as follows: Adult moccasins, (give length of foot in inches) \$2.00 and \$3.00. Children's moccasins, \$1.00. Small baby moccasins, 75¢. Doll moccasins, 1 and 2 inch, 25¢; three inch, 50¢. Pin cushions, 50¢. Sports belts, solid beading, \$2.00. Indian war club with stone head and beaded handle, \$1.00. Indian papoose bonnet, 50¢. Coin purses, solid beading, 75¢. Beautiful woven necklaces, \$1.00. Beaded buckskin handbags, floral-beaded designs, \$2.50. Blue velvet handbag, beautiful beaded design, \$2.00. Silk puff purses, 35¢. Boudoir caps, 25¢. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

Pledge Tickets

Our good friends who have signed pledge tickets to help Father Ambrose with his new buildings, continue faithfully to send in their monthly offerings, and our good missionary is much cheered by the loyalty of his friends. The new school is a near possibility; in fact, Father hopes to have it ready for his little ones by next fall—that is, if his friends continue supporting him as they have been doing. Although many kind readers have responded, yet there are many more from whom we haven't heard, and we still have quite a number of pledge tickets waiting to be sent on their message of love. Some have sent \$1.00 a month, some \$5.00, some \$10.00. But even 25¢ a month for 20 months will mean \$5.00 for those who are not able to send a large amount. Your dollars are purchasing a part of the mission; it is yours; it can never be taken away from you. It will remain a credit against your name in the eternal ledger, and some day, when the time of reckoning comes, you will be, oh, so glad! For "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

-:- :- Dr. Helen's Consulting Room -:- :-

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

"Good morning, good morning, Mrs. Rackham. I see that you have brought the whole family, even Mr. Rackham, though he looks right well. Here is Annie and Willie, one overweight and one underweight, though they eat at the same table, and you yourself are looking very worn and tired.—Now, don't tell me it is the children.—If you are not well it is something else, and not the result of your nature and purpose as a woman.—You say you have been to see doctors and doctors and taken bottles and bottles of medicine, and that they all did you good at first, and that you are not very well and not very ill but—"

Mr. Rackham:—"They are always complainin', and complainin'. If it's not one it's the other. Now me, I never was sick a day in my life."

Mrs. Rackham (sniffing): "He never did understand me. I might work when my head was splitting—"

"Shut up, shut up, both of you. You have talked and argued all your lives, and I don't suppose you ever gave one hour to thinking about the plain common facts of living. Why don't you begin now and take lessons?"

Mrs. Rackham:—"That's just what I'd love to do, but we live out in the country, and he's always so busy—"

Mr. Rackham:—"I'll find time. I'd like to take up this question of 'living' myself."

"Very well, then. Let us begin to-day. Here is the first thing I want you to get into your heads:—Practically every child is born into the world healthy."

Mr. Rackham:—"I don't believe it. I saw babies that were wrong from the start."

"Well, Mr. Rackham, I only said 'practically every child.' You will admit that the great majority of children are born healthy?"

Mr. Rackham:—"Well, yes, I suppose you might say that."

"Now, you know the child must draw its sustenance from the earth, but it is not like a little tree with roots. It is depending on us for what food it gets, and often its trouble begins with its first meal. If we follow the little creature closely through childhood and even youth, we will find that nearly every sickness that comes to plague it was brought on by errors in feeding, from the green apples of the harvest time to the mince pie of Thanksgiving. Too much of one food principle too little of another."

"I think I see Mr. Rackham preparing to say 'I don't believe it' again, so I will quote some unquestionable authority:—Sir Arbuthnot Lane, a great London surgeon says:—"The root of nearly all our present-day illnesses is in wrong feeding.' He says further that 'no disease, not even cancer, was ever grafted on a healthy, well-nourished tissue.'"

"Again, the Mayo Brothers of Rochester, who have built up the largest surgical clinic in the world, are now in the fullness of their experience, developing a diet clinic, which bids fair to rival their surgical clinic in extent and usefulness."

"But this is matter enough for our first lesson. Come in again when the roads are good and take the neighbors with you, and don't forget the children. They will understand every word, and perhaps get more out of it than you, for they have not yet acquired your prejudices."

Dr. Helen's Question Box is now open and waiting for you to drop your questions in. Address your letters to Dr. Helen Hielscher, c/o THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind. If you have any questions that require a private reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

